APR 18 1957

modern screen

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I almost married Jimmy Dean



Who am I?

Kim Novak

MINEO:

at Boys expect from Girls on a Date!"



You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof

that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap —in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. *Proof* that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!



Be Palmolive Sweet and Clean All Over It's Wonderful for the Bath!



Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

APR 18 1957



It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

WEATHERPROOF!

Weather and water can't weaken it! Soft, shiny curls can be dried in minutes... last till you cut them off!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Other pincurl permanents will let you down on the first damp day—begin to wilt after the first shampoo. But Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—last till you cut them off.

New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in the liveliest, lastingest pin-curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives lasting sheen to your hair. Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer ... you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick! $1.75 plus tax.



New Siliconed

PIN·QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

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"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



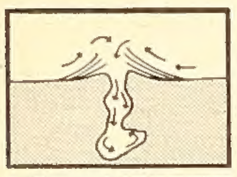
New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

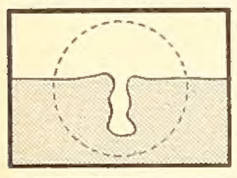
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

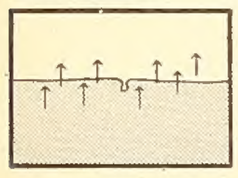
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

MARCH, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Kim Novak on the cover by Roger Prigent.
Watch for Kim in Columbia's *Jeanne Eagels*.
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Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form No. 3579 to 76 Ninth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 51, No. 3, March, 1957. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada $2.00 one year; $3.50 two years; $5.00 three years; foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1957 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 301778.



WHAT A GUY WAYNE!

It's understandable that the
fans vote John Wayne top
favorite of the screen.
He's great in this new
picture based upon the
colorful career of
Commander "Spig" Wead...
the daredevil who actually
parlayed fourteen dollars,
a pair of crutches and
a redhead's love
into world fame!

M-G-M presents in METROCOLOR

JOHN WAYNE
DAN DAILEY
MAUREEN O'HARA

in

"THE WINGS OF EAGLES"

co-starring

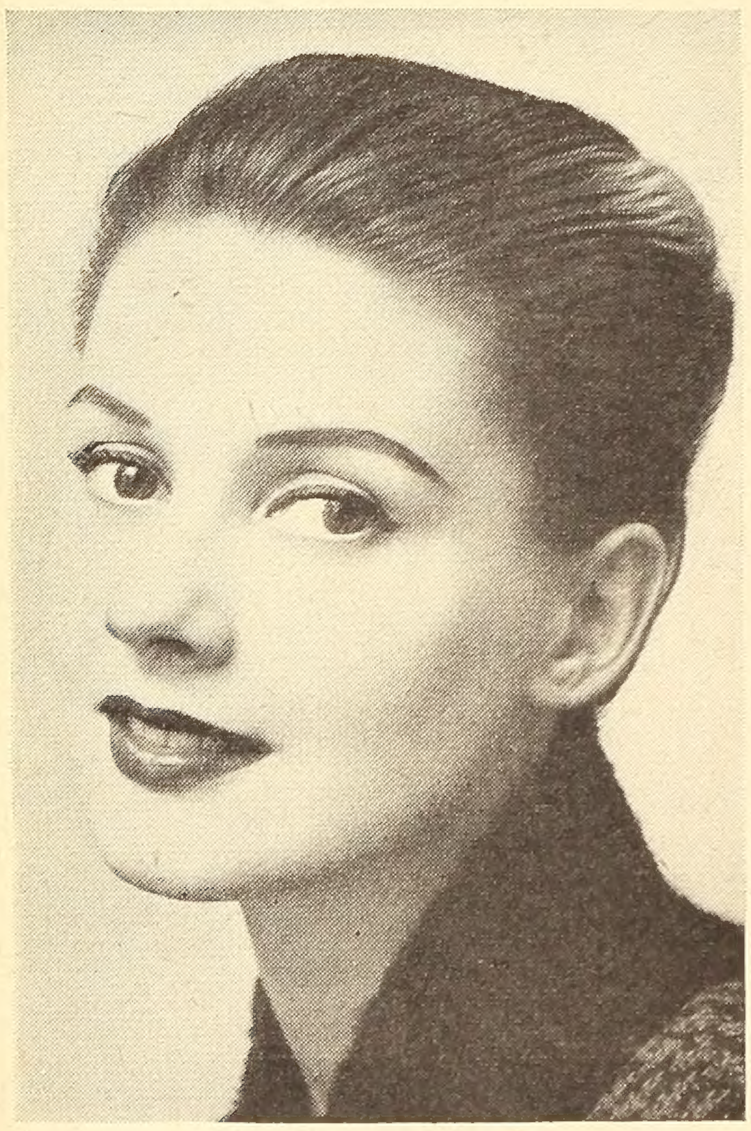
WARD BOND

Screen Play by FRANK FENTON and
WILLIAM WISTER HAINES
Based on the Life and Writings of
Commander Frank W. "Spig" Wead
Directed by JOHN FORD
Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE
An M-G-M Picture



This is the redhead!

Wouldn't you

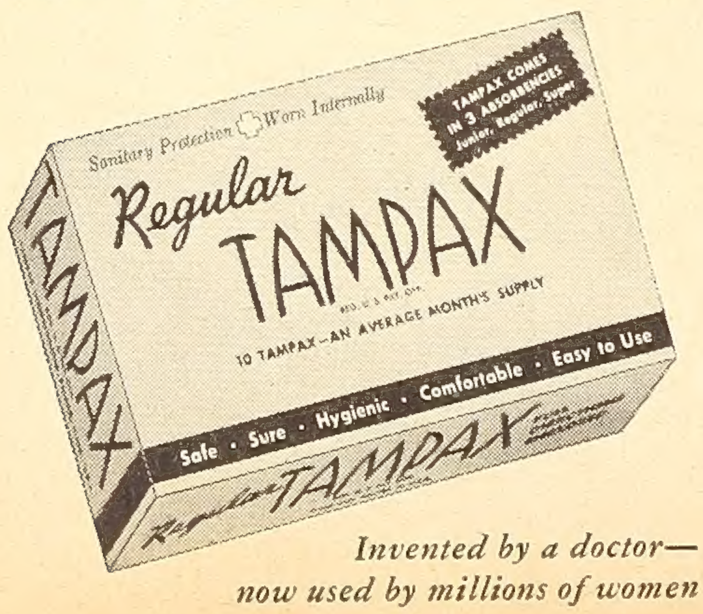


advise other women to use TAMPAX?

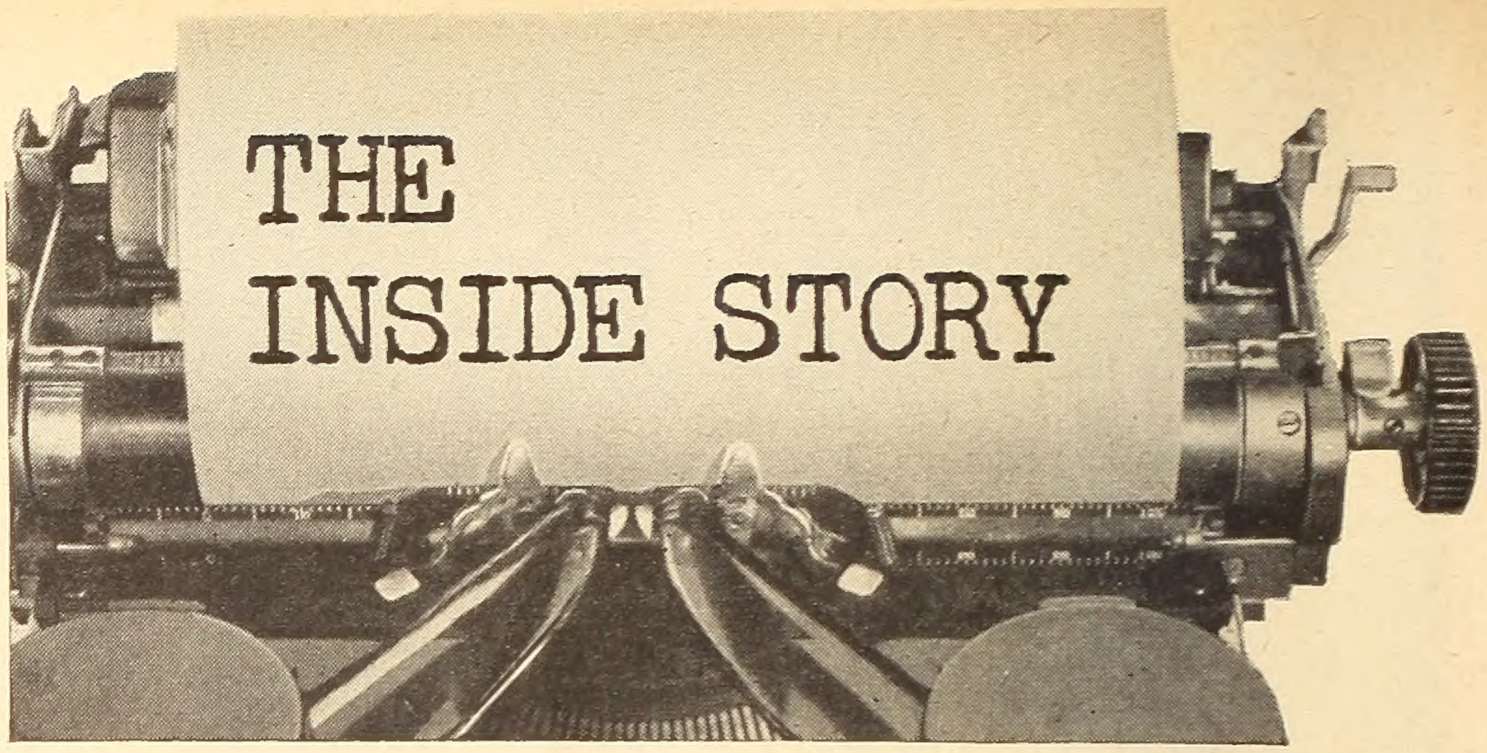
Friends lose their reticence and speak out with force and conviction about Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Office workers buttonhole each other; housewives share confidences. Because Tampax deals with a universal feminine problem, women seem to feel they are almost traitors to their own sex if they fail to stress the benefits of Tampax. Said one woman: "I'd tell a friend about it just as I'd tell a savage electric lights are better than oil lamps."

What are the features of Tampax that generate such enthusiasm? Complete comfort. Invisible when in place. No odor. No chafing. No irritation. Does away with cumbersome belts, pins, pads. No disposal problems. No carrying problems. No tub or shower problems.

In fact, in every way Tampax is nicer, daintier, more convenient. Choose from 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is Bob Wagner trying to take Natalie Wood away from Elvis Presley?
—H.R., N.Y.C.

A. *He's moving in all right.*

Q. Tony Perkins and Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria—is this for real?
—K.F., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Perkins is currently playing the field.*

Q. Has any Hollywood studio signed Pat Boone yet? Isn't he better than Elvis? —D.L., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Boone reports to 20th Century-Fox in February; his fans claim he is superior to Presley.*

Q. How old is Katharine Hepburn? Has she ever been married?
—J.H., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Hepburn is forty-seven; has been married once.*

Q. I've been told that Sal Mineo can't date a girl without first getting his mother's permission. Is this true?
—G.H., Boston, Mass.

A. *Mrs. Mineo guides Sal's career, but his private life is his own.*

Q. Did Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier fight during the filming of *The Sleeping Prince* in London?
—A.L., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *No fighting; Olivier's patience, however was exhausted at the end.*

Q. Will Tyrone Power marry Mai Zetterling? —F.G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Power is temporarily soured on marriage.*

Q. Who in heaven's name picks Janet Leigh's clothes?
—G.G., Stockton, Cal.

A. *Janet Leigh.*

Q. Wasn't the Tab Hunter-Natalie Wood romance a publicity build-up?
—E.H., Miami, Fla.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Was Diana Dors ever arrested in England? —E. L., London, England

A. *It was a misdemeanor.*

Q. Can you tell me why Ernest Borgnine is fighting with his employers?
—D.J., Columbus, Ohio

A. *He wants out of what he considers an unfair contract with Hecht-Hill-Lancaster.*

Q. Aren't Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa secretly married?
—F.L., N.Y.C.

A. *Both say no.*

Q. Henry Fonda and Affreda Franchetti —is this serious? —B.L., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *Definitely.*

Q. Was Robert Mitchum ever on a chain gang? —Y.R., Durham, N.C.

A. *Yes, in his youth.*

Q. Who is the brightest young actor in Hollywood? —H.G., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Toss-up between Tony Perkins and Earl Holliman.*

Q. During the filming of *Pride And Passion* in Spain, didn't Frank Sinatra give both Sofia Loren and her sister a twirl? —E.C., Cleveland, Ohio

A. *Frank was attentive to both.*

Q. Who is more disliked by the press in Hollywood—Steve Cochran or Katharine Hepburn?
—A.M., Boston, Mass.

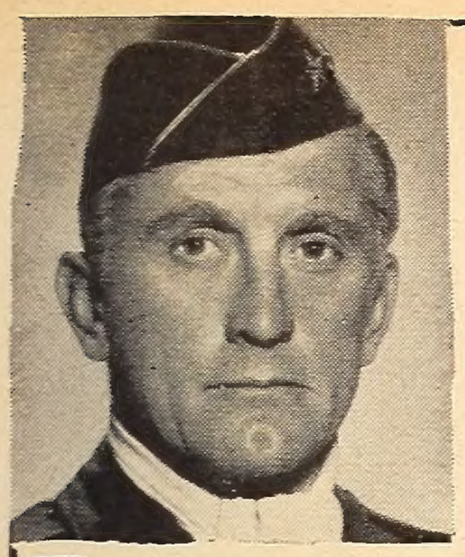
A. *Hepburn.*

Q. Whatever became of Piper Laurie?
—I.G., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Gone to television.*

Q. Is Peggy Ann Garner's mother really in jail? —S.H., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *No; she is residing in Los Angeles.*



THIS IS THE TOUGHEST YOUNG GENERAL IN THE U.S. ARMY!



Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are having a "Top Secret Affair" and it's the laughiest war-of-the-sexes since comedies grew up!

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

Written by ROLAND KIBBEE and ALLAN SCOTT • Produced by MARTIN RACKIN • MILTON SPERLING Supervising Producer • Directed by H.C. POTTER

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

All of Hollywood's greats showed up for Modern Screen's award party. It was such fun!



I was ever so thrilled when George Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN, *gave me this beautiful silver cup for my years of writing for the magazine.*



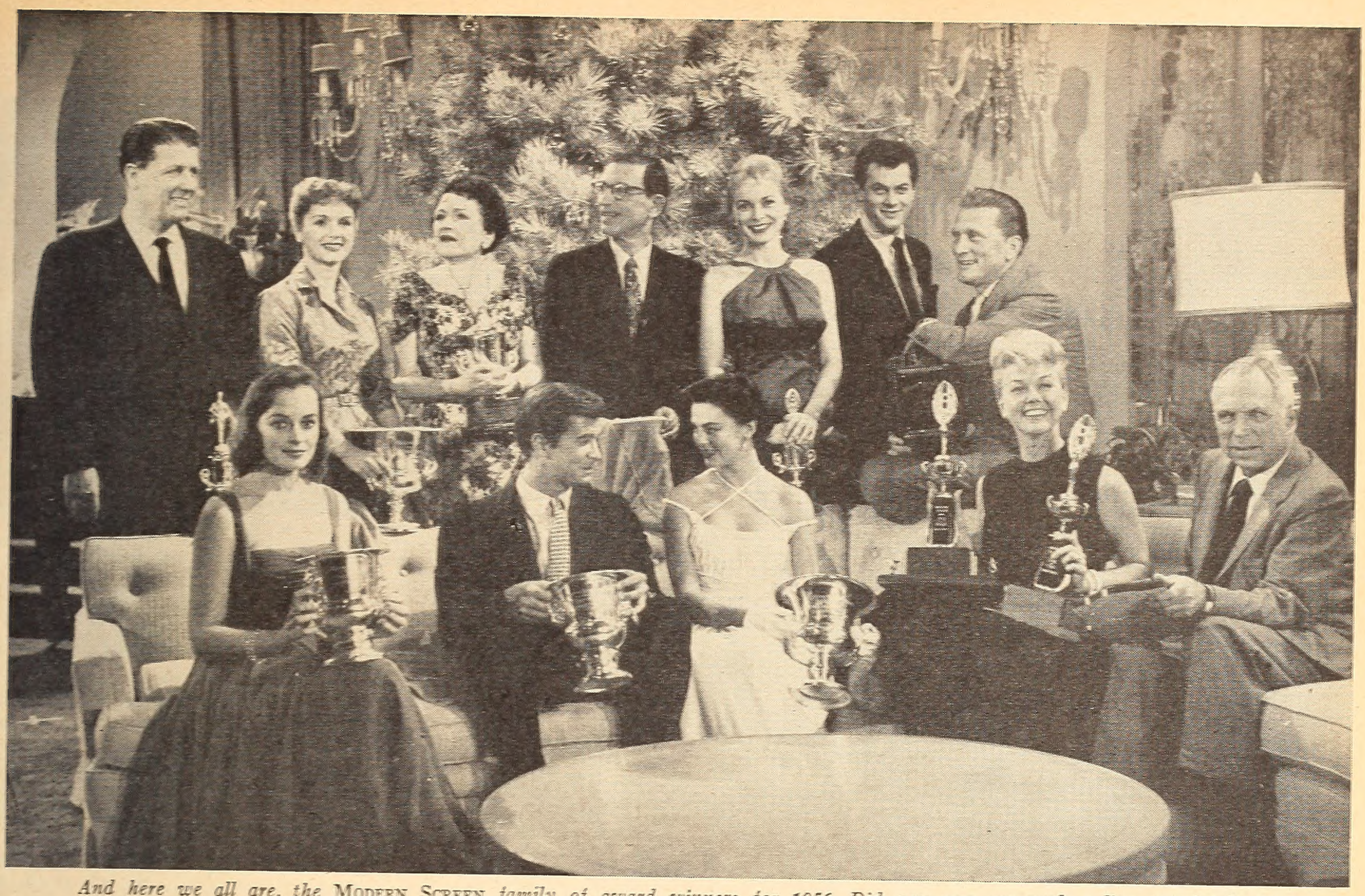
Janet and Tony didn't have to share any honors—each of them did very, very well.



Natalie Wood and Kirk Douglas shared a laugh together during the exciting festivities.



Tony Curtis stops a minute to congratulate Doris Day, on the Star of Stars award she won.



And here we all are, the MODERN SCREEN *family of award winners for 1956. Did you ever see such a line-up of talent?*

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Seldom has there been such a turn-out of stars as came to MODERN SCREEN's award party, either to appear on **Ed Sullivan's** TV show as one of the winners, or else to attend the gala cocktail party held on stage 41 at CBS immediately following the broadcast.

Publisher **George Delacorte,** our genial host, and I were pretty excited about our own performances as actors making the Silver Cup presentations to **Debbie Reynolds** and **Tony Curtis,** The Most Popular Actress and Actor; **Kirk Douglas,** Best Actor for *Lust For Life*; **Audrey Hepburn,** Best Actress for *War And Peace*. Audrey was in Paris so director **King Vidor** accepted for her.

Doris Day and **Frank Sinatra**—he was ill—won The Star of Stars trophies. **Tony Perkins** and **Victoria Shaw** came up winners as The Most Promising Young Star. **Elvis Presley** and **Natalie Wood** were voted as The Most Important New Personality. **Janet Leigh** was The Year's Top Cover Girl. And producer-director **George Stevens** was very much on hand to accept his award for *Giant* as the Best Picture of '56.

We were all as nervous as wet hens during the TV rehearsals with Tony and Janet and I, and even the self-possessed Kirk Douglas, showing up in our lines. But came broadcast time and we think we came off all right.

Imagine my surprise when we left the studio for the big stage where the party was being held to find waiting for me that utterly charming **Rossano Brazzi,** who had just arrived in Hollywood three hours before. What a perfectly delightful person he is—and, believe it or not, he speaks English much more perfectly than he does on the screen.

A bit later I saw Brazzi and Doris Day having a quiet chat, and I wouldn't be surprised in the least if it was about *South Pacific*. Brazzi is set to play the role made famous by **Ezio Pinza** on the stage—and there's a lot of talk that Doris will get the **Mary Martin** part. She'd be great if you ask me. More and more I get a kick out of **Tony Perkins.** Tony's date was **Maria Cooper**—this seems to be getting steady—and **Gary's** lovely daughter was at his side when he sailed up to me and said, "I wrote you a letter. And you never answered it."

I laughed, "Did it call for an answer, Tony? Anyway, you may be interested to know that your letter is going to be reprinted in my *Good News department in* MODERN SCREEN." You fans read it last month, the letter in which Tony defends himself as a careless dresser. I must say he looked sartorially sharp on this occasion.

Everyone took a good look at **Jayne Mansfield** when she walked in with director **Nick Ray,** and she didn't disappoint the onlookers. She was in a very décolleté white dress with a white mink stole, looking every inch the movie queen. Is that bad?

Natalie Wood and **Bob Wagner** met for the first time, believe it or not, and if you ask me I think a spark struck. Particularly since I heard several days later that they had been lunching together several times.

Rock Hudson and his **Phyllis** are always so gracious. The good-looking Rock was Most Popular Actor last year and he was on hand this time to extend his congratulations to **Tony Curtis.**

Tony Franciosa came stag, which caused me to ask this attractive young actor from Broadway—who is making his movie debut in *This Could Be The Night*—if he came alone because his heart **Shelley Winters,** who is in New York, might be jealous. "Ask Shelley," he laughed.

Ann Blyth simply beamed her happiness and excitement. She had just learned that she is to get the coveted *Helen Morgan* story—and if you ask me her devoted husband Dr. Jim McNulty is just as excited over Ann's great prize as she is. Ann spent much of her time discussing the songs with **Jimmy McHugh,** a great friend of the late Helen.

Bob Wagner told me, "Just three more days and I shave off these darn Jesse James sideburns. I'm beginning to feel more like Elvis than Presley himself." Even to those luncheon dates with Natalie, Bob?

Looking very glamorous in a cloth-of-gold cocktail coat was **Yvonne De Carlo** who is paying much more attention to clothes since her clicks in *Ten Commandments* and *Death Of A Scoundrel*. It was so nice, too, to see such good friends as **Lew Ayres,** the **Ken Murrays,** the **Edgar Bergens** and so many others who helped make MODERN SCREEN's big night, bigger and brighter!

MIKE TODD HAD HIS DANDER UP when he called me from **Liz Taylor's** hospital room before she underwent a five-hour operation on her spine. "I wish these people who have been saying (*Continued on page 8*)

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!



SUPER-SOFT

LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!

HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only $1.25 plus tax.





Editor David Myers and his lovely Astrid were Ed Sullivan's guests at the New York broadcast. David couldn't take the time to come to L.A.

that Elizabeth's illness was imaginary could see the X-rays the doctor has just shown me," Mike said indignantly. "This girl has suffered unbearable pain from time to time over a period of years—and then had to listen to people say she was a hypochondriac and that her illness was psychosomatic!" All those fancy words meaning that poor Liz just thought she was sick!

Mike himself had moved into the hospital HARKNESS PAVILLION, supposedly for a check up—but really because he wanted to be near Elizabeth.

The five-hour ordeal she underwent was to correct a crushed disc which was pressing on another disc and pinching a nerve, causing her great pain in the pelvic region.

The operation caused all sorts of major upsets in the plans of Mike and Liz, as the doctors said she would have to remain a patient for about six weeks. Any plans the Taylor and the Todd might have had for a hurried marriage had to be postponed. And Liz was not able to accompany the man she loves to California for the opening of his hit *Around The World In 80 Days.*

Meanwhile, her ex-husband **Mike Wilding** was spending much time at Elizabeth's hilltop home keeping an eye on their little boys.

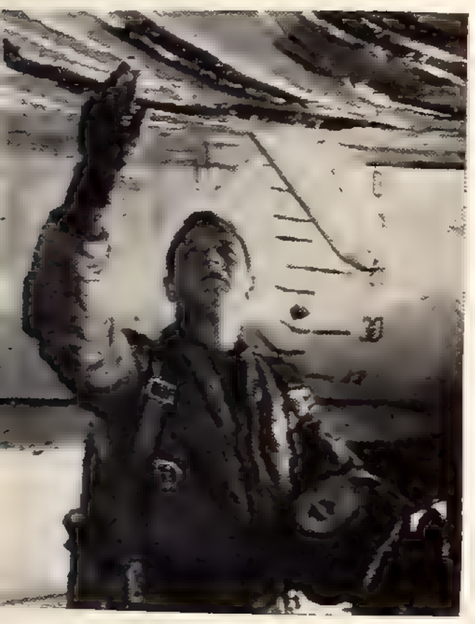
OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SINATRA: Look out, boy. You're driving yourself awfully hard. Oh, yes I know—your career has never been brighter and now is the time to "make hay," as you recently said. I happen to know that the big amount you owe Uncle Sam in back taxes has long worried you and that you are eager to get out from under this load.

Even so, it gives me a dizzy headache to think of your present schedule. When you finished *The Joker* at PARAMOUNT you had two days before the start of a three-week nightclub engagement at the SANDS in Las Vegas. With no intervening time off, you signed for a return engagement of personal appearances in Australia. Upon your return there's *Pal Joey* with **Rita Hayworth** and your former flame **Kim Novak,** followed by *What Makes Sammy Run*—scheduled for a Spring starting date. Now *really!*

"I'm a healthy boy and I can take it," you insist. But I think (*Continued on page 14*)

BILL HOLDEN GETS HYPOXIA

■ Hypoxia is a fancy term for lack of oxygen, and recently Bill Holden had a fancy case of hypoxia. Self induced, you might say. And all because on a dare,



Bill Holden will do almost anything. Like dive into a swimming pool with an Aqua - Lung. just to prove he *could* stay underwater for half an hour—or ride a bike standing on the handlebars to see how far he can lean without falling—or get his new Ferrari racing car up to 136 miles an hour on the salt flats. because. "otherwise. when old man Ferrari tells you this car will do 175, how are you going to deny it?"

So, turn Bill loose around the fabulous Bell X-2, the incredible jet which is slated to be the Air Force plane of the future—and what do you expect? Naturally, a case of hypoxia for Holden.

The Bell X-2 has just reached a speed of 1900 miles an hour. passing the fabulous X-IA. rated at 1600 miles an hour at 90,000 feet. It figures that Holden's first picture for his own TOLUCA PRODUCTIONS, *Toward The Unknown*, is about the Bell X-2. It was made at Edwards Air Force Base, Air Force Flight Test Center for experimental jets. The film takes its name from the base's own motto: *Ad Inexplorata* (travel the unknown).

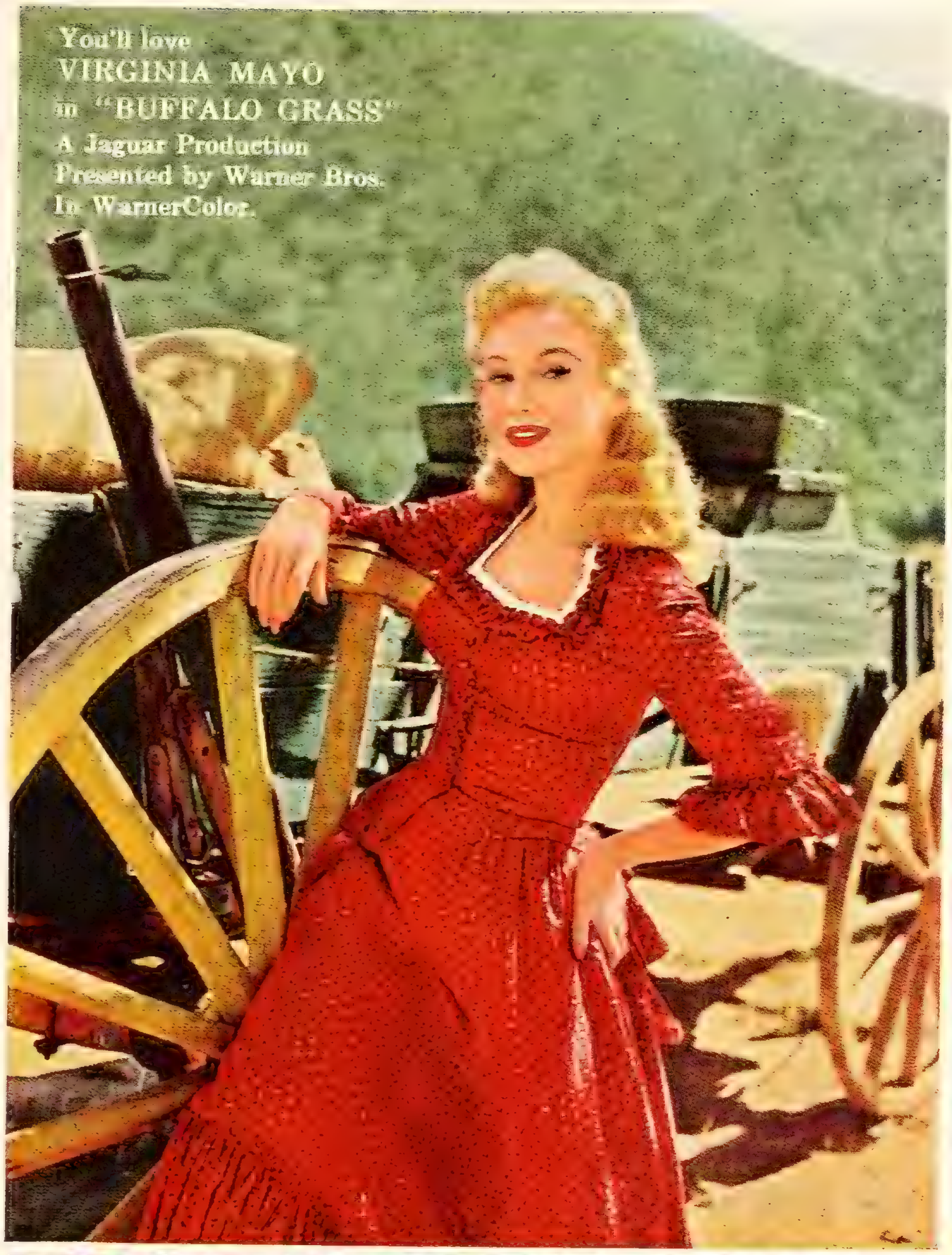
Of course. Holden has done all his own stunts in pictures. But this was different. It was a real coup to even get the Air Force to allow the supersonic marvel photographed.

Naturally, the inevitable took place. It's never been told before. and what happened won't be on film. but . . .

He finagled a trip. There's a 30.000 foot pressure chamber. Bill admits. "We went up to 40,000 feet. You think you're all right. But then they tell you to hold out your hand. You can't make your fingers do what you're told. You can't even write '*Mary had a little lamb.*'" Squinching his eyes as if to shake off the memory of what loss of oxygen does to you. he adds. "That's hypoxia."

He's still filled with awe at the experience. But with Holden, things just don't stop there. Recently he started flying lessons—and expects to solo in a T-33, a jet trainer, in three months.

Naturally, someone has already tagged him. "With Bill up there," remarked a friend, "the Wild Blue Yonder better make room." *Watch for Bill Holden in Columbia's* The Bridge On The River Kwai.



VIRGINIA MAYO LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries—it beautifies

thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



Cream or Lotion

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



There's one risk you never should take...

It's the risk of "embarrassing odor" —the risk that is controlled by the proper method of douching. Millions of confident women have discovered this, and douche regularly with "Lysol".

"Lysol" guards you from any possibility of offending—because it's more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant —it's an active germ-killer. Spreading into folds and crevices, it kills on contact, the very bacteria that (if unchecked) would cause "embarrassing odor". Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" brand disinfectant, added to your douche, gives you assurance of *complete* cleanliness.

Trust to "Lysol" and relax! Discover the marvelous freedom that comes when you're sure of yourself! Be happier, more confident—ready for the new people and pleasant, gay happenings that you want in your life!

Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching with new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-573.



"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

Norma Moore talks about her favorite subject: TONY PERKINS

■ Norma Moore's favorite subject of conversation is Tony Perkins. When son one merely mentions his name, she starts talking a blue streak.

What impresses Norma most about Tony? Not his naturalness, his eccentriciti and his blunt honesty—all of which have made Hollywood sit up and take noti No, what has left an indelible mark on Norma is the fierce dedication and treme dous skill Tony brings to the business of acting.

When Tony was cast to play the title role of Jimmy Piersall in *Fear Strikes O* in which Norma plays opposite him as his wife, the Hollywood rumor mi labeled this a classic example of miscasting. Jim Piersall, the real-life star cent fielder of the Boston Red Sox, is strong and powerful. Tony Perkins, the actor. plagued by ill health. During the filming of *Fear Strikes Out*, for instance, he spe a week in the hospital with a temperature of 104, caused by bad tonsils. Wh Norma visited him, she suggested he have them taken out. He refused. Now Nor is president of the 'Get the Tonsils Out of Tony Perkins' Club.

Piersall has sharp eyesight that enables him to get his fair share of base hits ea season. Perkins can hardly see without glasses. When Norma first met him in N York—before she ever knew she would one day play in a picture with him— wore regular glasses. When he first hit Hollywood, he decided not to wear th . . . a painful mistake, he found, as he bumped into trees and doors and peop Then he discovered that his lenses could be fitted into pilot-goggle frames. Unusu perhaps, but they stay on well and on Tony look good.

Piersall hits and throws righthanded. Perkins is strictly a southpaw.

Piersall is a great natural athlete. Perkins' exercise is walking his dog.

In January, almost six months before shooting on the film was to begin, t process of transforming Tony Perkins, actor, into Jimmy Piersall, big-leaguer, bega First he was fitted with contact lenses. Then he made a daily trip to Gilmore Stadi and worked out with semi-professional and professional ballplayers.

In the beginning it was murder. His hands blistered badly. His back ached. just couldn't get the knack of switching from left to right hand. But as the wee went by he began to get the hang of it. At the end of a day on the diamond would no longer feel like he had been battered for hours in a malted milk shak

By July he had shed ten pounds but he batted and fielded like a real pro.

Norma Moore never will forget the day Tony played his big scene, the one which Jimmy Piersall cracks up at Fenway Park in front of the Boston fans w love him. Just before this big scene, Tony strode to the plate and, as called in the script, hit a screaming line drive over second base. A little later, Tony beg to go through the crazy antics that marked Piersall's nervous breakdown.

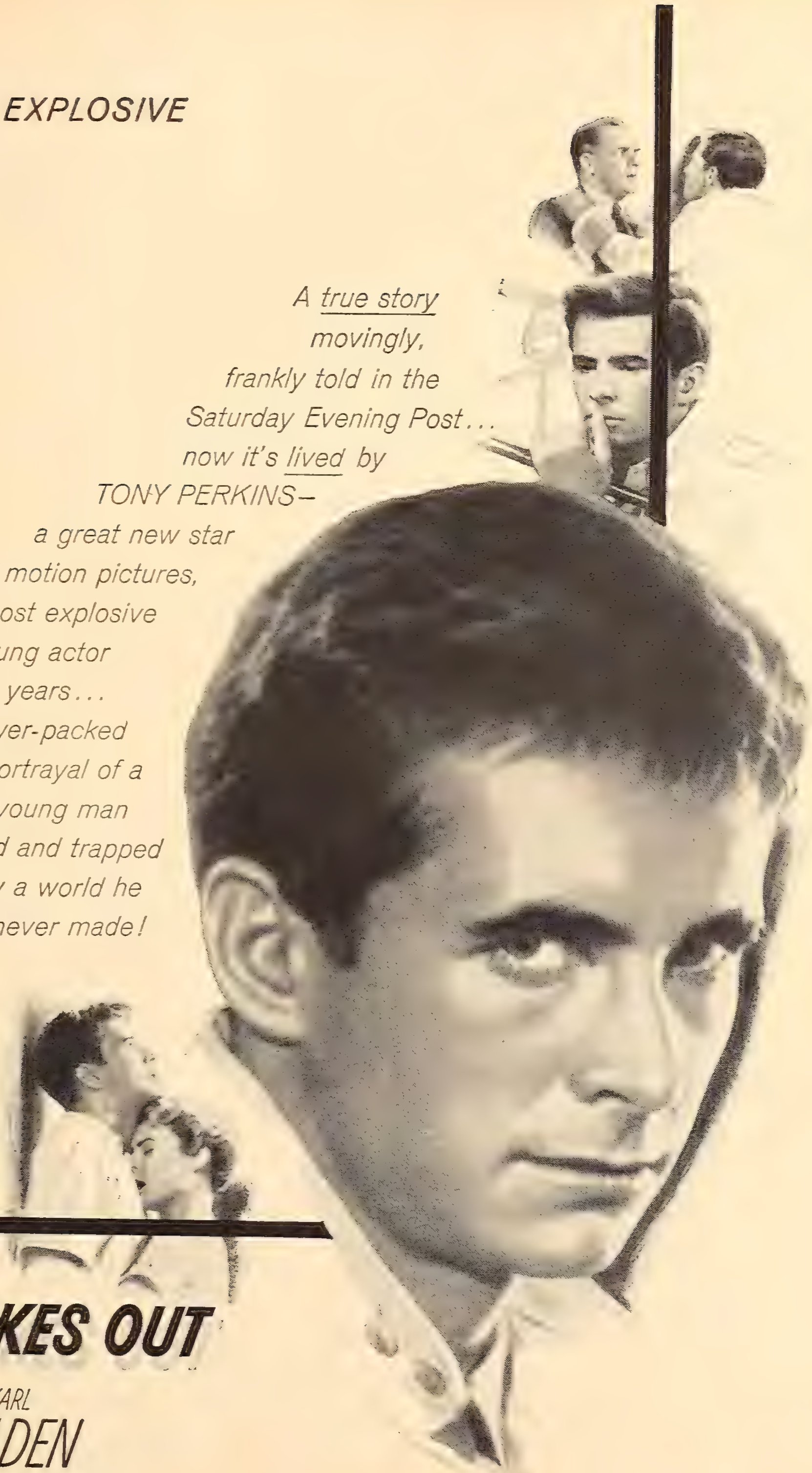
As Norma says: "It was the most tremendous, terrible and terrifying thing I ever seen. Wonderfully real. Everyone watching was tremendously moved. T cameramen and crew—the most hardened audience in the world—applauded th times when he was finished. To hear their cheers, you would have thought Piers had made a sensational catch instead of cracking up. Tony was wonderful, for y see—he had really become Jimmy Piersall."

Tony Perkins and Norma Moore will soon be seen in Paramount's Fear Strikes O *Also watch for Tony in Paramount's* The Lonely Man *and* The Tin Star.



AN EXCITING, EXPLOSIVE NEW STAR!

A true story
movingly,
frankly told in the
Saturday Evening Post...
now it's lived by
TONY PERKINS—
a great new star
of motion pictures,
the most explosive
young actor
in years...
a power-packed
portrayal of a
young man
twisted and trapped
by a world he
never made!



Paramount Presents

FEAR STRIKES OUT

starring

ANTHONY PERKINS · KARL MALDEN

Produced by Alan Pakula
Directed by Robert Mulligan
Screenplay by Ted Berkman and Raphael Blau
Based on a Story by James A. Piersall and Albert S. Hirshberg

VISTAVISION® MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

Now! The loveliest wave i takes ½ the time —and the reason i

Only New QUICK by Richard Hudnut has this Crystal Clear penetrating lotion. And it's lanolized!

Quicker, gentler penetration! New Quick Home Permanent's Crystal Clear Lotion has none of the cloudy, sticky ingredients that hinder penetration and slow down waving action in ordinary permanents. So it penetrates *all through* your hair more quickly, yet gently. Gives you the surest, safest wave ever.

Lanolin-care for your hair! N Crystal Clear Lotion is lanolized give you smoother, springier cu with a healthy shine. Lanolin-s Quick curls never have that friz "new perm" look, even the first d And yet they won't go limp in dan ness or humidity. Last beautifu till you cut them off.



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Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

he world
/2 the work
rystal clear!

the time—½ the work! New ystal Clear Lotion's fast penetrat- g action lets you roll more hair on ch curler and still get a firm, last- g curl to the very tips of your ir. So just 20 curlers—½ the nding time—½ the waving work give you a complete, full-bodied w-style wave.



2 new-style waves for the price of 1

Only Quick has Crystal Clear Lotion—*a lotion so pure*, you can use half, recap, and safely save half for another wave. Only Quick gives you two new-style waves for the price of one ordinary wave. Better get Quick, quick!

2-wave size, $2.00 plus tax
1-wave size, $1.25 plus tax

UICK

New Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut

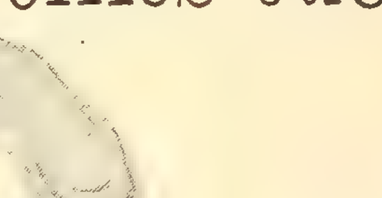
Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

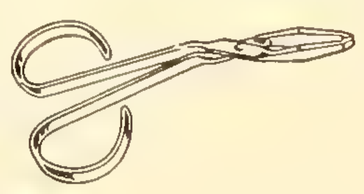
KURLENE®
tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***
**plus tax*





Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)

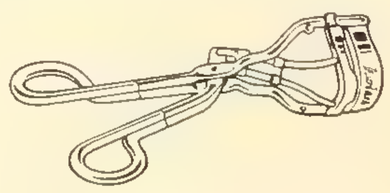
TWISSORS® **75c**





Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes . . . new beauty to her eyes.

KURLASH® **$1.00**



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)





A cup of coffee isn't enough, Frankie. You need rest. *Earl Holliman was a pleasant surprise to i*

that many of your good friends, people who have your real interest at heart, are worried about you. Two of your pals, Jack Entratter and Jimmy Van Heusen, have both told me, "Frank is sometimes so exhausted at the end of the day he falls asleep over his dinner."

Yet you often rouse yourself from these catnaps and go right down to the recording studio where you work until the wee small hours making new albums!

My personal diagnosis for this self beating is that you are restless, at odds with life, with no serious romantic interest—and you are content to settle for work, work, work. But *no one* can keep up this blistering pace you've set for yourself and not suffer in health and nerves. Think it over, Mr. Thin Singer.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM, EARL HOLLIMAN: With his angular face, high cheek bones and fiercely determined eyes, he doesn't look like an actor. But as **Burt Lancaster, Katharine Hepburn** and **Wendell Corey** can tell you they had to do their tip-top best to keep this young man from stealing *The Rainmaker* from them. I've seldom seen a finer supporting performance from a newcomer.

While he is not a product of the ACTORS STUDIO, Earl is just as dedicated as though he were **Marlon Brando** and **Tony Perkins** combined.

Born in Tennassas Swamp, ("That's correct," he laughed) Louisiana, he began his acting career in high school, later studied drama on the G.I. Bill at the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE. "Then I just started hounding the PARAMOUNT casting directors until I got a bit in *The Girls Of Pleasure Island.*" After this, young Holliman was off to the races. He appeared in succession in *Gunfight At The OK Corral, The Burning Hills* and *Giant.*

He loves to dance and in high school was quite a jitterbug. "Now I'm slowed down to a rhumba and a samba," he grins. Despite his terpsichorean talents he doesn't go out much. **"Richard Widmark** told me when I first came here not to become a nightclub actor," he explains.

So he sticks close to his fireside surrounded by stray dogs of all breeds— "Can't resist a mongrel," he explains. He's very serious about being on a self-improvement kick, saying, taking courses in music appreciation literature—so when I'm important enou be interviewed by say, Louella Parso can talk about something besides my picture." Well, thank you, Earl—I'll reme and brush up on my own music appreci

WHEN GINGER ROGERS ADMIT that she and **Jacques Bergerac** had quarreling and that there were problem their marriage, the unkind smarties in midst were quick to say, "What does an woman expect from a marriage to su young man?" Bergerac was twenty-four he and Ginger were married in Palm Sp three years ago.

But the gossips had to eat those v almost immediately. Jacques himself told "It's true that Ginger and I have had rough moments. But don't all married cou

"I love my wife very much, and spec for myself I can say that nothing will b up our marriage." Those are strong, de words and Jacques sounded very sincer

What a change in this handsome y Frenchman since I dined with him and G soon after their marriage! At that tim couldn't speak a word of English.

He is very ambitious for a career, how and during the past years he has studied studied to perfect his English. He made first hit on **Ann Sothern's** TV show *Pr Secretary,* followed by an even more im sive appearance in a *Playhouse 90* prog Now Jacques is hitting the top in movies a very important role in the MGM mu *Les Girls.*

It may be that Jacques' new success help solve his and Ginger's matrimonial lems. It often happens that Hollywood riages where the woman is a star and husband a lesser light suffer a great st I could name dozens of examples; for **Susan Hayward** and **Jess Barker.**

I really hope that Ginger and Jacques a go of it.

LAS VEGAS RAMBLINGS: Fle Las Vegas for the fourth anniversary o SANDS HOTEL, for which **Jerry Le Danny Thomas** and **Frank Sinatra** appeared on the same bill at the mid show!

(Continued on page 16)

WHAT WAS THE FASCINATION THAT DREW WOMEN TO HIS ARMS... *SOME TO LOVE... SOME TO HATE?*



Who was this Mister Cory... that men feared... or followed? And what was the secret he had buried, deep in the shadows of Sangamon Street?

MISTER Cory

CINEMASCOPE *in* Eastman COLOR



A Universal-International Picture starring

TONY CURTIS · MARTHA HYER
CHARLES BICKFORD · KATHRYN GRANT

with RUSS MORGAN Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS Screenplay by BLAKE EDWARDS Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

Universal International







Radiant Mitzi Gaynor and hubby Jack Bean. Loretta Young chats with Jerry Lewis' missus. Mickey Hargitay's muscles support Jayne.

All their Hollywood pals planed up to see this show of shows with all three stars absolutely at their peak in performance. Jerry was officially the star at the SANDS, playing his first nightclub engagement minus his old sidekick, **Dean Martin.** Danny and Frank flew up from Los Angeles for the big night.

The audience was as star-studded as the bill. All the ladies had been asked to wear their most beautiful gowns, and the gentlemen black ties.

Sitting ringside in all their glory were **Esther Williams** and **Ben Gage; Mitzi Gaynor**—she's Frank's leading lady in *The Joker*—and **Jack Bean; Marlene Dietrich,** arrayed in a white mink stole; blonde **Joan Caulfield** and **Frank Ross; Lucille Ball** with a party of friends. **Desi** didn't arrive until the next morning. Also, **Loretta Young,** the **Charles Vidors, Peter Lorre, J. C. Flippen** and **Michael Curtiz.**

Jayne Mansfield, by this time looking like a doll, laughed harder than anyone else at the superb comedy of Danny and Jerry and was as enthralled as a bobby-soxer over Frankie's singing. The next night, Jayne, **Mickey Hargitay** and I went with **Jimmy McHugh** to see **Lisa Kirk's** show and I felt I really got to know Jayne better. She is really a nice, unspoiled girl—and a lot of fun in the bargain.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I walked out to the swimming pool the next day at the SANDS and saw Jayne wearing a leopard skin bathing suit—it was tight to start with, but after she'd been dunked in the pool by Jerry Lewis it clung even tighter. It was all a part of the act: she pushed Jerry in the pool and he retaliated.

Dripping wet as she was, Mickey Hargitay, who will marry Jayne sometime next summer, wrapped her in her expensive mink coat. But then, with the way she's going, she can afford to buy another.

SUCH IS FAME DEPARTMENT: When luscious **Anita Ekberg** went down to the West Los Angeles Police Department to bail out husband Tony Steel, who was being held on a drunken driving charge, none of the policemen recognized her! Which irritated Miss Ekberg no end.

"I'm Anita Ekberg," she said, icily drawing herself to her full height, "the screen star!"

"We can't help that, Miss Ekberg," said the desk Sarge, "All we need to know about you is if you have $265 dollars to bail t man out."

Both Anita and Tony finally got around admitting that they had had a quarrel—wh brought on his taking the family car *plus* few too many nips.

"NOW I'M IN THE diamonds-are girl's-best-friend class" laughed **Debb Reynolds** as she proudly showed me t five-carat diamond on a slender chain arou her neck which **Eddie Fisher** had just giv her for their first anniversary. It's really sparkler, almost as shining as Debbie's ey

Had dinner with my young pals at ROMA OFF'S the night before the Fishers left Florida.

Sitting at a nearby table was **Robe Wagner** and during the course of din he came over to speak to us all.

Said Eddie, wtih a mischievous glint in eye as Bob left, "Wasn't he your boy-frie at one time?"

"He sure *was*!" replied the sassy M Debbie.

I think one reason these kids get alo so well is because they have a wonder sense of humor about everything, includi themselves.

THE LETTER BOX: *"I'm disgusted with Hollywood producers for not giving Tab Hunter the breaks he deserves,"* writes PAMELA PATTERSON, JERSEY CITY. *"Last year Tab won the Audience Award Poll as The Most Promising Young Star. But thanks to the short-sighted men who control destinies in movietown, he won't have a chance at that honor this year!"* Other letter writers who think Tab should get bigger material are PATRICIA ANNE DOHERTY and EVELYN KAY . . .

MRS. R. E. ANDERSON, TACOMA, WASHINGTON, decries fickle fans and critics *"who forget Tyrone Power and how wonderful he was in* The Eddy Duchin Story, *my favorite picture of the year."* Don't be so sure Ty is forgotten, MRS. R. E., although the male contenders for Oscars this year are many . . .

There were more letters about Elizabeth Taylor this month than any other actress. Most of them carry the same train of thought. They are sorry about her illness, but many want to spank her for her "immature behavior."

Some excerpts from the Liz-mail are: *"It is impossible to be off with one great love, Mike Wilding, and on with another, Mike Todd, as fast as Liz is doing it,"* writes ANNE PARKER, DETROIT. FROM TAMPA, FLORIDA, REGGIE BURLING warns: *"Her beauty and talent go just so far. Liz, personally, is going way past the bounds of good taste. Please tell Liz we're rooting for her and please, don't let us down!"* . . .

KELLY KOMORTON, BALTIMORE, wails: *"Why, oh why did that perfect doll, Marlon Brando, insist on appearing as an Oriental in* Teahouse Of The August Moon? *I couldn't understand half of what he said."* Some of the critics had the same trouble, Kelly.

"You can have Rock, Tab, Bob, Tony and all the rest" postcards GERALDINE DIAS, LIHU HAWAII, *"give me Leslie Nielsen, the you actor who REALLY sends me!"* Your favor is coming up and up, Geraldine . . .

Interesting, indeed, to receive a letter fr HAIG MESSERLIAN, BEIRUT, LEBANON, who h words of praise for MODERN SCREEN. *"W our part of the world so disturbed and easy," he types in perfect English. "it is a to read M.S., which brings each month war intimate and happy news about your wo derful country and the beautiful stars"* . .

"If Hollywood is going to tame Elvis Pr ley down to where he isn't himself at all, a I mean in Love Me Tender—I do care if he never makes another movie," e plodes MARIE TALERICO and MARY SACC who say they're writing for thirty Presl fans in UTICA, NEW YORK.

That's all for now. See you next mont

No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains GARDOL
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING
PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH
BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
...With Just One Brushing!







Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours —or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

It's easy to care for Baby with *Port-a-crib*

THE DROP-SIDE PORTABLE CRIB THAT'S A PLAY PEN TOO!



Port-a-crib, the original portable crib, makes baby care so much easier. Port-a-crib is a comfortable baby bed with a special adjustment to make it 6½" higher than normal cribs, thus taking the "back-break" out of caring for baby. Port-a-crib converts quickly into a play pen, sets up in autos . . . makes it fun to travel with baby, rolls through doorways without folding, folds to 6" width for easy storage.

Grandmothers: Have a Port-a-crib ready when little visitors call.

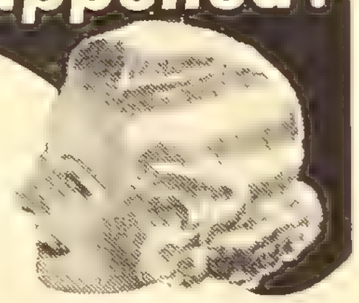
Port-a-cribs make wonderful gifts, too!

As low as $32.95 Including mattress . . . At Better Stores Everywhere. Write for free folder and name of your nearest dealer.

Port-a-crib
Incorporated
Dept. D-3
Manchester, Missouri

WERE YOU A BLONDE BABY— What Happened?





Were you once a gorgeous blonde? Did you neglect your hair—letting it slip, shade-by-shade, into a dull, dark color? Now, at last, you can bring back the sparkling beauty of blonde hair with BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home lotion shampoo. Made fresh, as you need it, BLONDEX whips into a rich, billowy lather... rinses away the dingy film that makes blonde hair dark and old-looking... reveals the lustrous highlights that men love! Contains ANDIUM to lighten and shine as it shampoos. Absolutely safe—use it for children's delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today at 10¢, drug or department stores.

Will You Wear A Pair Of Glamorous New Sandals To Make $65 IN SPARE TIME



Step into big extra money wearing FLEXICLOGS! Patented ***flex with your foot*** FLEXICLOGS are the latest fashion rage. When friends see this smart new footwear on ***your*** feet, they'll give you orders. Make up to **$10** a sale on our amazing ***Triple Profit Plan!*** In attractive styles for women and men. Write now for a complete selling outfit including a pair of your own comfortable FLEXICLOGS *on approval!*

FLEXICLOGS, Dept. 9X-C, New Holstein, Wis.
Please send pair of FLEXICLOGS. My shoe size is_____
Name_____
Full Address_____

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
Battle Hymn
Baby Doll

FOR SUSPENSE
The Wrong Man

FOR LAUGHS
The Iron Petticoat

FOR MUSIC AND COMEDY
The Girl Can't Help It



A tense scene from Hitchcock's The Wrong Man *is this one in which Henry Fonda and his wife (Vera Miles) find themselves trapped in the tragedy of circumstantial evidence*

THE WRONG MAN

another Hitchcock production

■ It's a Hitchcock film, and from the minute it starts suspense nearly kills you. There's a pleasant, mild-mannered man (Henry Fonda) who plays bass at the STORK CLUB and lives with his wife (Vera Miles) and two children in Jackson Heights. His wife has a couple of impacted wisdom teeth that have to be removed, and while helping with the dishes Fonda decides to go down to the insurance company and borrow money on a policy to pay the dentist. A somewhat hysterical office clerk is convinced that Fonda is the man who robbed the company a few months before, and all at once he is trapped in a nightmare. Other robberies have occurred in the neighborhood and Fonda obviously bears an uncanny resemblance to the thief. Of course Fonda is innocent, but what he goes through to prove it! In fact, he doesn't prove it; it just happens that the real thief shows up in time to attempt another burglary. But what happens to Fonda's wife is a tragedy that later apologies can't help. This is based on an actual story and it is a powerful film. With tremendous restraint, moving quietly from scene to scene, Hitchcock and his actors build an atmosphere of horror—the horror of an innocent, hapless man whose dignity as a private citizen is ripped from him, a man who feels the terror of isolation as his life is mauled by the cold machinery of the law.—Warners.

THE HAPPY ROAD

and a child shall lead them . . .

■ The *Happy Road* is produced, directed and starred in by Gene Kelly. He plays a high-pressure American businessman in Paris—his wife is dead—who's sent his boy to an expensive school in Switzerland. Not to get rid of him, just to give him all the advantages. When Bobby runs away from school, Gene is understandably upset, especially since he has to leave his business to find him. And French divorcee Barbara Laage is upset because her daughter (Brigitte Fossey) is apparently with Bobby. The kids are about ten years old, but as you shall see they are ten times wiser and more adventurous than their elders. Bobby hasn't really run away; he's running to Paris to be with his father. Ditto Brigitte. They figure that if they can make it to Paris on their own their folks will consider them old enough to take care of themselves and let them stay. A veritable underground of children help Bobby and Brigitte into one town and out of the other while the police make fools of themselves. Gene and Barbara in hot pursuit are caught in farcical situations that remind you of French movies. Michael Redgrave, a general conducting military maneuvers, orders all his forces to close in on the children when they're reported in his area. And they sure are in his area—they're having tea in the headquarters' kitchen. Bobby and Brigitte get to Paris all right, and on their own. Their parents get to Paris all right, too. In fact they've learned a little about love.—MGM.

BATTLE HYMN

a special kind of heroism

■ Based on the true story of Colonel Dean Hess, this is a movie to touch your heart. Dean Hess (Rock Hudson) was a minister who left the pulpit to become a fighter pilot in World War II. When the Korean War comes around he feels he must leave the pulpit again. In Korea he is struck by the children, the pitiful, appealing waifs who must wander without parents, shelter or even food. By his efforts a now-famous airlift was established which flew the orphans to safety on Cheju Island where a permanent home was set up for them. Miss Yang (*Continued on page 2*



Your dreams are getting better all the time!

NOW YOU CAN

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest

Dreams were *never* this good before! What's the dream *you'd* most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? *Quick*—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package, *your winnings are doubled!* Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to $20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize $10,000 cash! Second Prize $3,000 cash! Third Prize $1,000 cash! 4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each! 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!

Remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow rules carefully!

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Chansonette*... *the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads "I dreamed I was a toreador...", "I dreamed I played Cleopatra...", "I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman..."! You, too, can dream up a dream for this bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!*

$2.00, $2.50

1957 MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST—OFFICIAL RULES

1. Send in as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform retailer. Each entry must be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor, and all rights are given by the contestant, without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Prize awards will be doubled providing the prize winning entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* in its characteristic script cut from the wash tag on a Maidenform brassiere or from any other paper material accompanying the brassiere. This means, any printed trademark *maidenform* on the individual bra package. A sales slip also will qualify if it specifies a Maidenform bra.
4. Any person may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
5. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 59A, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 13, 1957, and received by April 25, 1957.
6. All winners will be notified by mail within six weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P. O. Box 59A
Mt. Vernon 10, New York

"I dreamed I _____

_____ in my Maidenform bra."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Rub Arrid in**—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

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movie previews (*Continued from page*

(Anna Kashfi), whose own family was destroyed, i tender and lovely temporary mother. Sgt. Herm (Dan Duryea) lends a light touch. Others in the c are Martha Hyer, Don DeFore. CinemaScope—U



ZARAK

a western in Afghanistan

■ Zarak is one of the longest shortest pictures ever seen. Takes place in the wilds of Afghanis where the British (Michael Wilding) are havin devil of a time with the natives (Victor Matu Zarak (that's Mature) was the son of a Khan u the Khan caught him kissing the Khan's favorite (Anita Ekberg) and would have had him flogge death if the holy man (Finlay Currie) hadn't as for his life. Zarak becomes a bandit and keeps s ing at Michael Wilding's army. The Khan would killed the lovely Anita too, but some pasha or o asked for her life. In the midst of all this Wildi wife arrives for a holiday. And Mature marries A Anita is not one to sit around while hubby's off r dering troops, so she doesn't give up her ca dancing. This offends Mature's sense of mod and he throws a bag of coins at her, signifying divo Back to the hills and the sweet smell of blood. At point Mature has Wilding on a bridge that s perilously over the rapids. He's about to cut down bridge when the holy man appears from arou cliff and asks for Wilding's life. So it goes—u Mature finally kills the holy man and his consci makes a better, if dead, Zarak out of him. Cine Scope—Col.



BABY DOLL

nightmare in the South

■ You can find frustrated, confused, small everywhere. But they show up best against the de tion of a small southern town where the whites their past around them with pathetic arrogance— the older Negroes play the game with passive deri Director Elia Kazan has captured this beautiful the visual sense, but writer Tennessee Williams' real half-dream characters whose obsessions them into hysteria, left me with a pain in my and none of the emotional relief that one looks perhaps pathetically, in this sort of drama. Baby (Carroll Baker) is the infantile wife of Archie (Karl Malden). They live in an empty, crum mansion; she sleeps in a crib and torments her erally inadequate husband by her refusal to be a wife until her twentieth birthday. Silva Vacarro Wallach) is another thorn in Archie's side. getter with a sense of direction, he's become own a syndicate cotton gin and has taken all of Ar customers. One night Archie Lee burns down V ro's gin and the next day Vacarro proceeds t justice for himself in the form of a confession. T the confession he spends a long summer's day t to seduce Baby Doll and he precipitates the tota integration of Archie Lee. What started as a mare ends as one. With Mildred Dunnock.—Wa



HE IRON PETTICOAT

Hepburn and Hope live it up

Once it was *Ninotchka* with Greta Garbo; now it's atharine Hepburn romping through this comedy ith careless, captivating charm. She plays one of the oviet's top women flyers and heroines. When she nds her plane in England it is assumed by the RAF at she has escaped from her homeland. No such ing. A more fervent comrade you've never seen. he's flown away because she refuses to take orders om a male superior or vice versa. Bob Hope is nded the pleasant, but seemingly impossible job of eaking down her politics. She succeeds in breaking his romance with an heiress, and while love is ossoming between Hope and Hepburn, a group of sorted and hilarious Russians try to abduct her. nocently, she walks right into their hands and is arged with treason, sentenced to die. Hope saves r. Well, no, he doesn't. He only plans to marry r. What saves her is the sudden switch in Moscow's titude on international cooperation. VistaVision—GM.



HE WILD PARTY

a lot of cats let out of a bag

Cats, if you dig this one you're dingy. But I mean ntic, boy. This is a wild charge . . . all about a atic on the loose. Once he was a champion football yer and now he's trying to throw himself over an aginary goal post but he can't get up that high. I'm king about Anthony Quinn who is a no-money man, he has high dreams and every once in a while y come out of his head. He also has a small, freak- bundle of admirers (Kathryn Grant, Nehemiah rsoff, Jay Robinson) who are so sick I am sorry to it's funny. They bob around in their lost dream rld and Quinn keeps promising to help them out. e night when he is pretty down, he lets Jay Robin- turn his high soprano accent on a couple of classy ple—naval officer Arthur Franz and his fiancée rol Ohmart. Carol is looking for some safe excite- nt and follows Robinson to the haunt of Quinn Company. She's sorry too late. Quinn and Com- y take her and Artie for a ride. The purpose, of things, is matrimony. Quinn's decided he's mad ut this girl and must, must, must have her. At cost. Artie puts up a good fight, but what finally es them is Nehemiah Persoff's sudden collision the light—I mean the light of truth. In case you don't know what this movie is about, it says on cast sheet that the characters live mostly in a ld of jazz remote from reality. That's the truth.—

LL OF LIFE

Judy Holliday's 'expecting'

ere's a movie about a pregnant woman that's all n and humorous and modern. Judy Holliday is the nant lady, writer Richard Conte is her husband her father-in-law is played by Salvatore Bacca- a big, lovable baby who must have his own way. a bricklayer of the old school who laid bricks to and he's appalled by the stucco home the Contes ht. They're appalled too when the kitchen floor rses under Judy's *(Continued on page 22)*

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22 **THE S.S.S. COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.**

movie previews (*Continued from page 21*)

increased poundage. The whole house was at a tilt to begin with. So Papa comes to repair the floor and stays to construct an enormous fireplace in the living room in honor of his coming grandchild.—Col.



THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT

rock 'n roll comedy

■ The girl is Jayne Mansfield and what she can't help becomes astoundingly obvious the minute you see her. This is a clever and delightful film. Jayne is engaged to Fats Murdock (Edmond O'Brien) who was once a slot machine kid and now pines for the old days of notoriety. He'd like to marry Jayne but he feels she has to become a celebrity, a successful singer, so that she'll be his equal. To this end he hires a liquor soaked agent (Tom Ewell) to put her across. But Jayne doesn't want to be put anywhere but in a kitchen surrounded by pots and children—and if it were up to her the children's father would not be Fats Murdock. However, she and Ewell are a little afraid of Fats and so they do his bidding up to a point. It seems that the only sound Jayne can produce is an ear-shattering screech. It's apparently enough to make her famous. This leaves Fats free to marry her. But it isn't as simple as all that. The complications are funny, aided and abetted by Henry Jones, John Emery and a host of rock 'n roll outfits. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



BUNDLE OF JOY

Debbie and Eddie

■ Here's a cream puff of a film, but Debbie and Eddie are in it together which is the whole point. She's a salesgirl in his father's department store and about to be fired because she sells too hard. Walking past a foundling home she sees a baby on the steps and picks it up, at which time the door opens and Debbie becomes a mother. Oh she protests, but those people at the foundling home are pretty shrewd cookies and they know a mother when they see one. Now Eddie undertsands why Debbie sold so hard and his heart goes out to her. She keeps her job. Can't get rid of the baby, though. Eddie's father (Adolphe Menjou) spots Eddie, Debbie and the baby in the park one day and his heart goes out to her. He's convinced the baby's his grandchild and orders his son to make it legal. Now, no son likes to be pushed around, and Debbie doesn't like to be pushed around. Only one who likes it is the baby, so things are at a stalemate for about two minutes. There's singing; there's Una Merkel, Tommy Noonan, Nita Talbot and all the gaiety Technicolor adds.—RKO.

THE NIGHT RUNNER

a psychotic episode

■ Emotionally-ill people keep pouring into the state hospital, but there aren't enough beds to go around. Something's got to give. Ray Danton's psychiatrist doesn't want to release him yet—a year and a half before, he'd tried to murder an absolute stranger. But Ray has to go. Remember, no stress and no strain, his doctor warns him. Remembering that isn't easy when the simple challenges of life throw him into a panic. Ray tries, though. He finds a peaceful little town on the West Coast and checks in at a motel owned by Willis Bouchey and supervised by his daughter Colleen Miller. Bouchey's suspicious of Danton—he doesn't know where he came from or where he's going, and it's obvious that he's going after Colleen. Ray has made marked improvement: he's more relaxed, he's able to withstand and pass an interview for a job, he's in love with Colleen. But Bouchey makes the mistake of ordering him out of the motel and calling him a lunatic. Ray kills him, and carefully prepares evidence of his innocence. Colleen doesn't suspect him, but she's a little too anxious to track down the murderer for Ray's peace of mind.—U-I.

ISTANBUL

Errol's still swashbuckling

■ Oh, strange things happen in those far-off places. The still adventurous Errol Flynn can fall in love with Cornell Borchers and be up to his ears in trouble. All because when he buys her an engagement present, a chunky bracelet, a fortune in diamonds falls out of it. Smuggled goods. Errol didn't smuggle them into the country, but since they've practically walked up and put themselves in his hands, he's reluctant to part with them. Instead, he hides them in an overhead fan in his hotel room and proceeds to defy the customs inspector (John Bentley) and the real smugglers, who don't take defiance easy. Worst of all, Cornell gets hit on the head when she enters her apartment to pack for her honeymoon in Paris, and the house burns down. Five years later, Flynn is back in Istanbul, the diamonds are still in the overhead fan, the smugglers are still trading, the customs officer is still suspicious and Cornell is married to Torin Thatcher. It appears that she has lost her memory. Well, it was a shock that made her black out and it's a shock that brings her back. To placate the gods Flynn lawfully forks over the diamonds. It's kind of silly, but romantic with a song or two by Nat King Cole. CinemaScope—U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

ANASTASIA (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman plays Anastasia, and Yul Brynner plays Bounine—the man who is trying to prove to Russian Empress Helen Hayes that Ingrid is the young Grand Duchess. Rumor has it that Anastasia may *not* have died in the mass assassination of the Royal family in 1918.

TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON (MGM): Adapted from the play that won all kinds of awards, this movie is about a village in Okinawa occupied by American troops. Glenn Ford and Marlon Brando are superb.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the promised land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess. Among the cast are Yvonne De Carlo, Anne Baxter, Nina Foch, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

LOVE ME TENDER (20th-Fox): Elvis sings and acts well in his first film, which also stars Debra Paget, Richard Egan and William Campbell.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS: David Niven bets that he can go around the world in eighty days and proceeds to do so with his valet, Cantinflas. They have many exciting adventures, which include rescuing Indian Princess Shirley MacLaine, a battle with the Indians in America, and an exciting bull fight in Spain. Filmed in Todd-AO process, this movie has fifty stars, is two hours and fifty-five minutes long and is a grand, unique extravaganza.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

GIANT (Warner Bros.): This film sprawls over the quarter of a century when cattle gave way to oil, and traces the profound changes this wrought on the lives of Rock Hudson, his wife Elizabeth Taylor, his sister Mercedes McCambridge and James Dean. This movie is based on Edna Ferber's best-seller and also stars Dennis Hopper, Carroll Baker, Sal Mineo, Chill Wills and Jane Withers.

my father know me?

big laugh...

the only time I see him

is at the

dinner table—

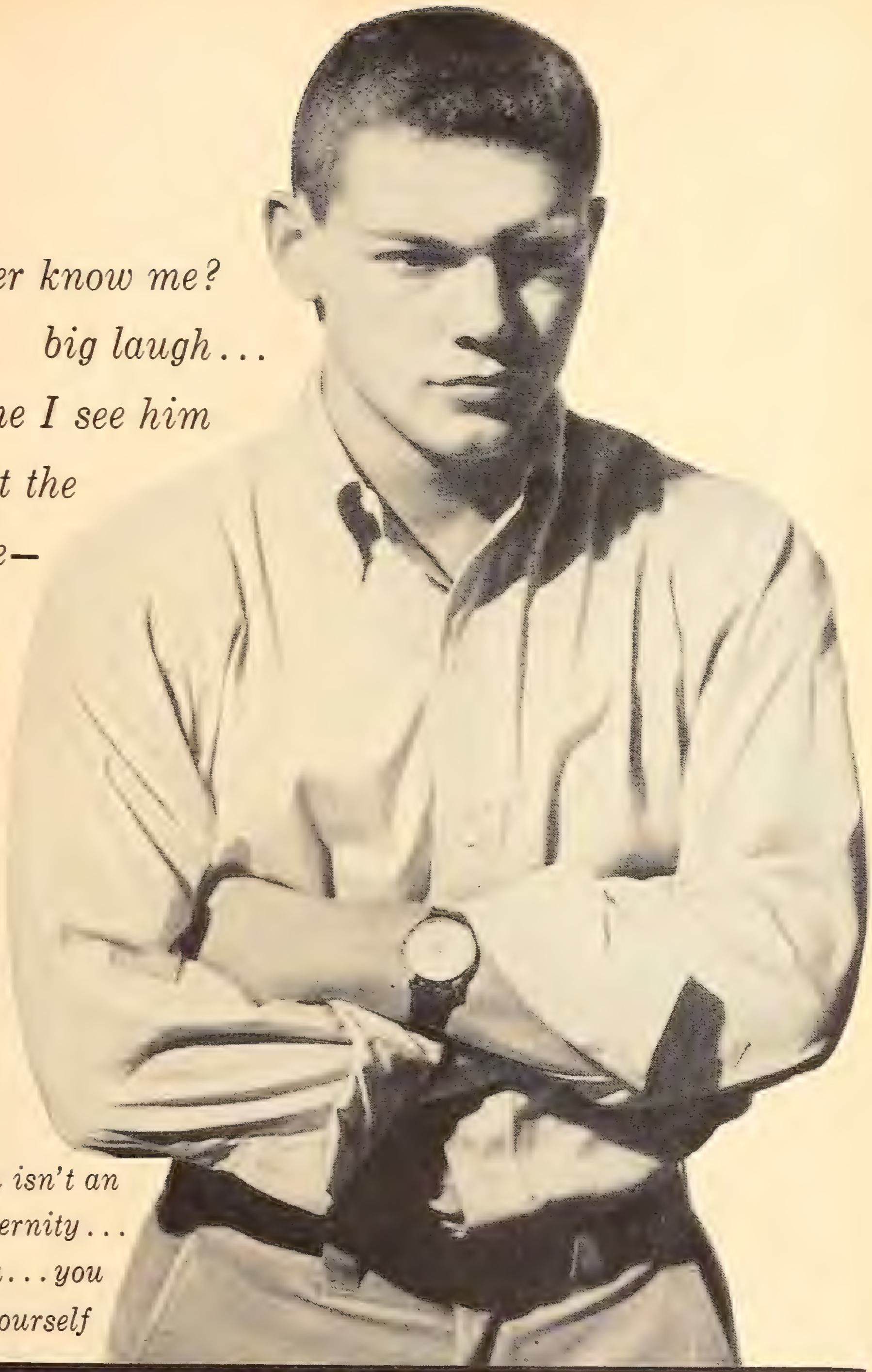
or when

he wants

to

bawl me

out



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TV TALK

Danny Kaye's first TV appearance . . . Merle Oberon's 'Tragedy' . .

You know how **Mary Martin's** husband **Richard Halliday** devotes his entire life to Mary's career, even rising at six or seven a.m. to tend to her business correspondence? Well, his mother also takes care of Mary. Mrs. Halliday hires the servants, oversees the grocery shopping, plans the menus, keeps the house in working order—all at the age of eighty-two. When Mary and Dick decided that Mary's NBC contract would require them to be in New York City a lot of the time, they decided to sublet a town house for two or three years instead of staying in a hotel on Central Park South, which they used to do, or commuting from their Connecticut home. They found just what they wanted, a small brownstone near **Katharine Hepburn's** close by the United Nations—but decided it needed a paint job before they could move in. Mrs. Halliday hired the painters, superintended all the work, and even chose all the colors! Both the Hallidays agree that Mary's career is the most important thing in their lives, and that they should do everything they can to relieve her of any chores or distractions. And they do . . . The power of television was never proved more dramatically than in the case of **Paddy Chayevsky's** Broadway play, *Middle Of The Night*. A few months ago it was playing to more than a few empty seats. Then **Edward G. Robinson** started making the TV rounds; he starred in a scene from it on the *Ed Sullivan Show*—and competed with **Vincent Price** on *The $64,000 Challenge*. Result: *Middle Of The Night* started playing to packed houses and standees, and kept it up. Robinson, incidentally, is heartbroken at the thought of his famous and fabulous art collection being dispersed. For many years it was his main interest, and the thought of losing it or part of it grieves him terribly. He says that he knew it would have to be broken up som day, say at his death, but he can't believe will happen before then. Unfortunately, probably will because of the property settl ment between him and his wife. It's not lo ing the monetary value of the pictures tha upsets Robinson—they're worth a co $3,000,000—but losing possessions he collecte and loved. . . . Very few people knew it, bu **Danny Kaye** was a very uncomfortable ma when he talked to **Ed Murrow** on TV aft the showing of *The Secret Life Of Danny Kay* Just a few days before his much-heralde formal television debut, Danny had been giv ing an interview in a hotel and had perche himself on a glass-topped cocktail table. Muc to his surprise and pain the table cracked, h fell, and a few hundred slivers of glass ha to be plucked out of Danny. . . . We wish weren't true, but **Ezio Pinza's** second attac not nearly as publicized as his first one Italy last summer, was more serious than th first one. . . . **Geraldine Page** proved herse both modest and generous in a gesture sh made during the run of the Broadway versio of *The Rainmaker*. She was running late on day, and asked her cab driver if he cou hurry to get her to the theater before curta time. Instead of explaining that she was th star of the production, as almost any oth actress would have done automatically, sh merely murmured that she was "in it." H got her there before her substitute had to g on, and in return Miss Page had the box offi hold two aisle seats for the cab driver and h wife for the next night. It's still the on play they've ever seen! . . . **Leo Genn** cure **Jan Sterling** of a lifelong bad habit wi just one glance. While rehearsing for *Sm War On Murray Hill,* there was one sce where he kissed her (*Continued on page 2*



Edward G. Robinson is losing his art collection.



Husband Paul didn't cure Jan's bad hab



Mildred Natwick's memory amazes everyone.



Model Nancy Berg studying at Actors Stud

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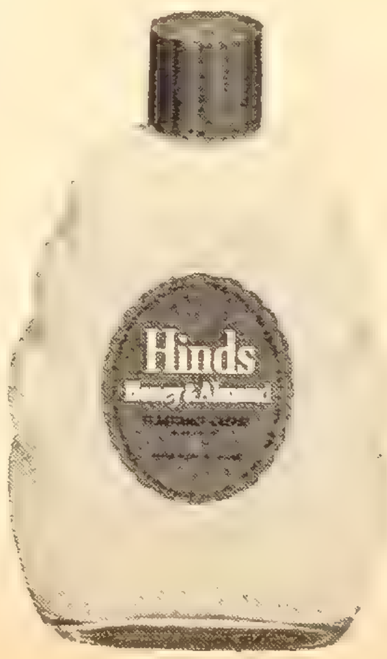
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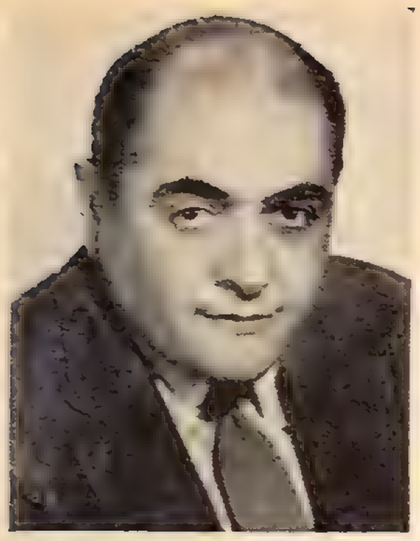
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TV TALK (*Continued from page 24*)

hand. He did, and the look on his face told quite clearly how he felt about women who bite their fingernails down to the quick. Jan saw it and was so mortified that she ran right out, bought false fingernails to hide her ragged ones, and vowed to let her own grow from then on. . . . **Gloria Vanderbilt** is quite likely to turn to a stranger seated next to her at dinner and inquire if he thinks there is a Purpose in Life. She is terribly intense, and not always good with the small talk you expect during the salad course. . . . **Tyrone Power's** and **Linda Christian's** two little girls have the most beautiful manners this side of an English nursery. They speak when spoken to, curtsy, say *sir* and *ma'am,* and generally act the way little girls used to. No Eloise-they. . . . **Mildred Natwick** has one of the most fantastic memories in the business. She never writes anything down, but never forgets. Her friends, even other actresses, are amazed, but she shrugs it off. Memorizing is her business she says, and it applies to her lines in a TV show and to the details of her life. . . . **Merle Oberon,** who has one of the loveliest homes in Hollywood, is taking most of her prized antiques to London. She has rented a house there for the next year. Miss Oberon is a very wise businesswoman, and doesn't have to work at all if she doesn't want to. She is not at all interested in working hard for the sake of working, either. She would never, for instance, agree to a thirty-nine-week TV series. Ten or twelve half-hour shows, or a part in a movie or two, are enough for her. One of the great tragedies of her life incidentally is her complexion. Her skin used to be lovely until, at the very height of her career, an unsuspected allergy to a medicine marred it. She has been to every big skin doctor here and in Europe for treatments—to New York, to London, to Vienna, to Paris—and is still hopeful that one will be able to smoothe it out completely again. . . . **Nanc Kelly** certainly didn't hide her delicate con-dition under black or navy blue butcher boy jackets. She appeared one night in a striking gold lamé that caught everyone's eye! . . . **Tony Perkins** really does walk around Hollywood in bare feet some of the time. . . . **Ki Stanley** is crazy about hotly spiced food which aren't good for her, and gives in to her craving for them without a qualm. . . . Although **Herman Hickman** does a lot of work and speech-making in New York City he still lives in New Haven, where he coached the Yale football team for so long. He arranges his day around two big meals—a hearty brunch late in the morning and a very late dinner. In between, he has his chauffeur drive him into the big city for his chores. He seldom gets back to New Haven until eight or nine—and then he often heads straight for the kitchen and cooks dinner. He's a magnificent cook, and his guests are quite willing to wait until ten or so for him to whip up a few of his specialties. . . . **Siobhan McKenna** is a very warm and affectionate woman. She often meets people for just a few minutes, decides she likes them, and kisses them when she has to leave. Especially theatre people. She is just plain crazy about people connected with the theatre. . . . **Dennis King** advised **Nancy Berg** at great length not to join the Actors Studio. But Miss Berg is determined to be an actress, and determined that Marlon's and Marilyn's school is the school for her. . . . **Roberta Peters** looks much more fragile close up than she does when she's singing on TV



bob middleton: TOUGH GUY

■ The average fan letter is a pleasurable thing to an actor, but Robert Middleton recently received a letter that frightened him more than he has ever managed to scare an audience.

It would seem that Middleton's portrayal of villains, Kobish in *Desperate Hours* and the jailer in *Trial*, has a warped appeal for some movie-goers. The letter in question read:

Dear Mr. Middleton:

You've got real guts, instead of being like most actors who just act as though they're tough. You can tell you're not the kind of guy who goes around playing up to the cops. You act sincere about hating them, so I know you do. Why do movies always wind up making them such heroes instead of the rats they are? When you want to mess somebody up you do a real job of it. The guys in my gang don't go for all this goody goody stuff with everybody acting so high and mighty like a bunch of mamas' boys. We sure won't miss any of your movies if you keep on dishing it out like a real man.

Up to now, Middleton has happily earned his daily bread, assuming that audiences realized his villains were unreal. "A heavy is a characterization that isn't perfectly true," says Bob, "it's more a caricature. An actor has to project the role beyond normalcy. I always felt I was overdrawing the character to a point where anyone with half a brain could see it wasn't true." Middleton sighs. "Now I'm not so sure I want to play any more heavies."

Answering the boy's letter was no easy task; he didn't want to preach, he didn't feel it advisable to attempt psychology on a stranger, and he didn't want to start a feud. The sum and substance of Middleton's letter advised the young man that there are two ways of living: by realism and by theory. If you're going to live in a civilization, he wrote, you must live with rules and laws, whether or not you agree with them. Otherwise you bump into the arm of the law sooner or later. Anyone who violates the rules of society, who pursues this type of life, is going to wind up a problem to himself as well as to everyone else. "All I can do is hope that people who see me in such roles realize I don't approve of such characters any more than the average movie-goer."

Watch for Bob in Paramount's The Lonely Man.

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Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



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WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



THE TIME YOUR FAVORITE STAR ALMOST BLEW HIS TOP !

By Jack Shafer

"My first attempts to get places in Hollywood got nowhere at all, so I went back home to Missouri and started singing on radio there under the name *Jane Durrell.* I finally got a screen test with WARNERS that led to a contract and a new name.
"So right away quick I sent all the Missouri newspaper columnists a letter mentioning my movie contract and expressing the hope they'd wish me luck in my new career. Things got very busy for awhile and I didn't pay much attention to the Missouri newspapers—except, of course, to keep sending them news about Jane Wyman. Six months later, when I sat down with a St. Louis paper and decided to read it straight through, something caught my eye at once. It was a photo of me at a microphone, and underneath appeared the question: *'Whatever happened to promising singer Jane Durrell?'* "—JANE WYMAN

"I'd have blown my top very young in life, if I'd been old enough to get angry about the matter. I was born right in the middle of a winter flu epidemic. The doctor who brought me into this world was so busy answering sick calls that when he got around to filling out the maternity visit details on me he registered me on the records as a FEMALE!"—CLARK GABLE





"In 1954, 20TH CENTURY-FOX signed me—$125 a week, and for the first time in my life I was *rich!* First thing I did was buy a tape recording set for $120 down and the rest in *easy monthly payments*—plus a lovely used car for $400 down and ditto.
"The monthly payments weren't as 'easy' as the credit people had said they'd be, but I told them how well I was doing in pictures and that I'd soon be a big star. The recording people believed me, but the auto company said they had to be realistic . . . and back went the car!
"What got me angry wasn't losing the car but realizing they didn't believe I'd make good in movies."—MARILYN MONROE

"I was captain of the football team in my senior year at high school; and that was the year our English teacher decided to do a musical as the class play. It was *The Mikado* and I got the part of Ko-Ko because I had a pretty fair voice as high school voices go.
"Well, we gave the play on Friday and Saturday nights, and we had an important football game that Saturday afternoon. So right after I'd missed a tackle on the opposing fullback and he gained eight yards, he sneered at me, as he walked back toward the huddle and said, 'What are you doing in a football line, bud? You belong in a CHORUS LINE!'
"That did it! Two plays later he carried the ball again—but not very far. I hit him the hardest knee-high tackle I ever made—and we recovered the fumble!"—ALAN LADD





"We shot most of *The Last Frontier* on location in Mexico. There was a scene in the film where I fall in a bear pit and plead with Vic Mature to help me out. Anthony Mann was directing this scene and he stopped the cameras after I made my tumble into the pit, head-first. Peering down at me, Tony yelled at the make-up man, 'His face isn't smeared up enough for the scene. Put some dirt on it!'
"One of the Mexicans who had helped dig the pit was curiously looking on. He didn't understand English too well and before any of us knew what was happening, he scooped up a shovel full of dirt and threw it right in my kisser!
"My first reaction was to crawl out of the pit, without Vic's help and murder the guy. But I must say he did a swell make-up job with that shovel!"—ROBERT PRESTON

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FORGET

There's a saying that an elephant
er forgets, but we know one *human*
o doesn't forget either. His name is
die Murphy. Recently, he had as his
se guest one John Cawthorn of
est, Texas. John Cawthorn is the
d of Texan who could easily get
e-cast in a picture playing a Texan:
n, gaunt, rangy, with the brown
ina of the out-of-doors a part of
. He also happens to be a barber
Celest. Been barbering for quite a
le, because when Audie Murphy was
arefoot, share-cropping kid in Texas,
was Cawthorn who used to cut his
r. For free. Anybody acquainted
h the early Audie knows very well
couldn't afford such a luxury as hair-
s. And not only did John Cawthorn
Audie's barbering, he used to take
fishing as well.

o Audie thought it would be nice
invite his old friend to Hollywood
reciprocate for past favors. He paid
expenses, and had him for a house
st for a week. Four days of that
k they went fishing again. But it
in a different style, this time.

nstead of the old creek out of town,
went fishing on the ocean in
die's yacht—the *Petrel*. And the
gave Cawthorn a chance to be-
e a favorite of Audie's sons, Terry
hael, four and a half, and James
nnon, otherwise *Skipper* who's two
a half. The family hated to see
n leave, but after a week, he de-
d it was time he got back home.

here hasn't been much said about
whole enjoyable incident because
ide of the family, Audie didn't
think anyone had heard about it.
first he refused to talk about it
ll. Pressed, he finally said in a re-
ed tone, "It was just a friendly
g, something I wanted to do be-
e he's been so nice to me through
years. You don't want him to think
d it for publicity, do you?"



Hair with the
fresh young HALO look
is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for clear, liquid Halo
. . . unlike most shampoos . . . contains no
greasy oils or soap. Nothing to
interfere with cleaning action or dull your
hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.
Mild, gentle Halo leaves
hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!

HALO SHAMPOO
HALO SHAMPOO
Glorifies
NORMAL, OILY OR DRY HAIR



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Virginia Lawson's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

This photo is unretouched!

You can see with your own eyes what a tremendous *difference* Jergens Lotion makes to hands.

447 women took this test*

Both hands were soaked in a household detergent three times a day. Jergens Lotion was applied to *right* hands only. In a few days, the untreated left hands were rough and red. The right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion tested this way proved so effective.

Doesn't coat . . . it penetrates

Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a sticky film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. It halts all chapping — damage from wind and weather, too!

Instantly absorbed

Jergens Lotion is rich and creamy — *never* leaves a sticky feeling. It's the most popular hand care in the whole world — and it's only 15¢ to $1.

Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for a summary of this test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

WHY MODERN SCREEN COSTS A NICKEL MORE

Dear readers:

You know as well as I do that prices on everything have skyrocketed.

A chocolate soda costs more.

You pay more for lunch.

Train fares and bus fares have more than doubled.

When you go to buy groceries, you're lucky to get change of a five dollar bill.

Despite rising costs all along the line, MODERN SCREEN struggled not to raise its price. You have paid much more for everything else; but you paid the same as always for our magazine.

Now we are forced to add a nickel on to our price.

If we didn't do this, we couldn't continue to give you the best stories and finest pictures possible.

If after reading this issue—which we think is one of our best—you have any suggestions for making MODERN SCREEN even better, please write to me personally. I'd be delighted to hear from you.

Dorothy Myers



Anita Ekberg:

HOW TO LIVE WITH TEMPTATION

by Earl Wilson

■ All the guys ogle Anita Ekberg—and most of the gals flash little smiles at her handsome husband Anthony Steel.

What's going to happen? Has something—or *somebody*—got to give?

"I started being jealous of Tony (in the picture at left) the very first day of our honeymoon" the super-shapely Anita confessed to me when the three of us talked over the problem of their mutual temptations. "What a scare I had!"

Her tall slim-waisted mate smiled through the smoke from his cigarette as she bared her soul to tell about it.

"I'm jealous of her too," Tony spoke up. "Don't forget I've punched a few noses when chaps have looked at her the wrong way!"

Anita said, "Sssh darling! Now, about our honeymoon," she continued, "we'd just got on the ship. He came back to the cabin and he said, 'I've seen the most fascinating woman I've ever seen in my life! And she has the cabin next to ours.'

"I was livid. I thought, 'Is this the way it's going to be all my married life?' This was the first day out and we were going to be on the ship for five days. Furthermore, she was right in the next cabin. It was going on right under my nose!

"I tried to be calm about it.

"So I said, 'In what way, or ways, is she fascinating, darling?' And he said, 'Well she's at least 104—and has the sweetest smile.'"

Tony, who's lean, six feet tall and smartly tailored, doesn't strike you at first as a man who would be fast with his fists—but he's already demonstrated his willingness to belt any fresh guys.

"I don't mind men looking at you," he told Anita as we talked. "I'm flattered that they do. It's when they look at you the wrong way!"

In Italy, where the wolves sometimes go so far as to make a grab at a pretty girl, Tony flattened some of Anita's admirers.

And in New York when both were leaving a TV show one night, they had their most remarkable experience yet.

"I was just bending over to get into a taxi," Anita said, "when I felt a hand grabbing at me.

(*Continued on page 79*)





A born ham →



Tony Perkins' Own Photo Album

with notes by Tony's mother

■ Tony's second summer of life was spent on the beach, learning to walk. He'd stand up, and be so entertained by the idea that he'd begin to laugh—and then fall right down again! He'd totter up to a group of people talking—and 'listen.' How little he understood you'd never guess from the attentive expression on his face. When the people ended the conversation, Tony would give them a great big smile . . . and crawl away until he found another group deep in conversation—and do the same thing! That's me sitting with Tony during one of the few moments he ever sat still.



A boy's best friend →

■ Here's Tony with his Boston terrier, Medor. Medor never barked until he was ten, but he 'sang' to the record "Home On The Range." Aside from the live Medor, there were always half a dozen stuffed Medors around—because whenever Tony got a toy dog he'd name it Medor. And confusion or no, that was it. Incidentally, Tony had a mad passion for animals, and was always bringing home stray cats and dogs. Life wasn't easy!

more →



Lover Boy →



← the young artiste

Tony's Album *continued*

■ The little girl in the picture with Tony was his first girl friend. She was about five or six, and it looked like a big romance. But it didn't last. She was just one of the many girls, big and little, who had a crush on our son—but she had the distinction of being the only one of Tony's 'girls' that Tony ever let us meet! So far, that is. But with all the stories of the wide swath Tony's cutting out in Hollywood—we're not so sure but that he may be bringing some one around soon!

■ When Tony was a child he played the piano very well. His musical talent came to light for the first time when he was four. We sent him to a nursery school run by a woman whose secret ambition was to teach the piano. Dealing with such young children, she had very few voluntary pupils! She felt Tony would have a knack for it though, and sat him down at the piano one day. He loved it. He's just naturally musical, my son. Aside from the piano, he's also excellent on the guitar. But we couldn't get him to go to dancing school to save our souls!

■ Tony's father always took Tony with him when he went out golfing. Tony was only four, but he had his own set of miniature clubs, and he'd play the game right along with Dad. But he didn't grow up with the same athletic interests. Today, just about his only exercise is walking his dog.





← the sportsmen →

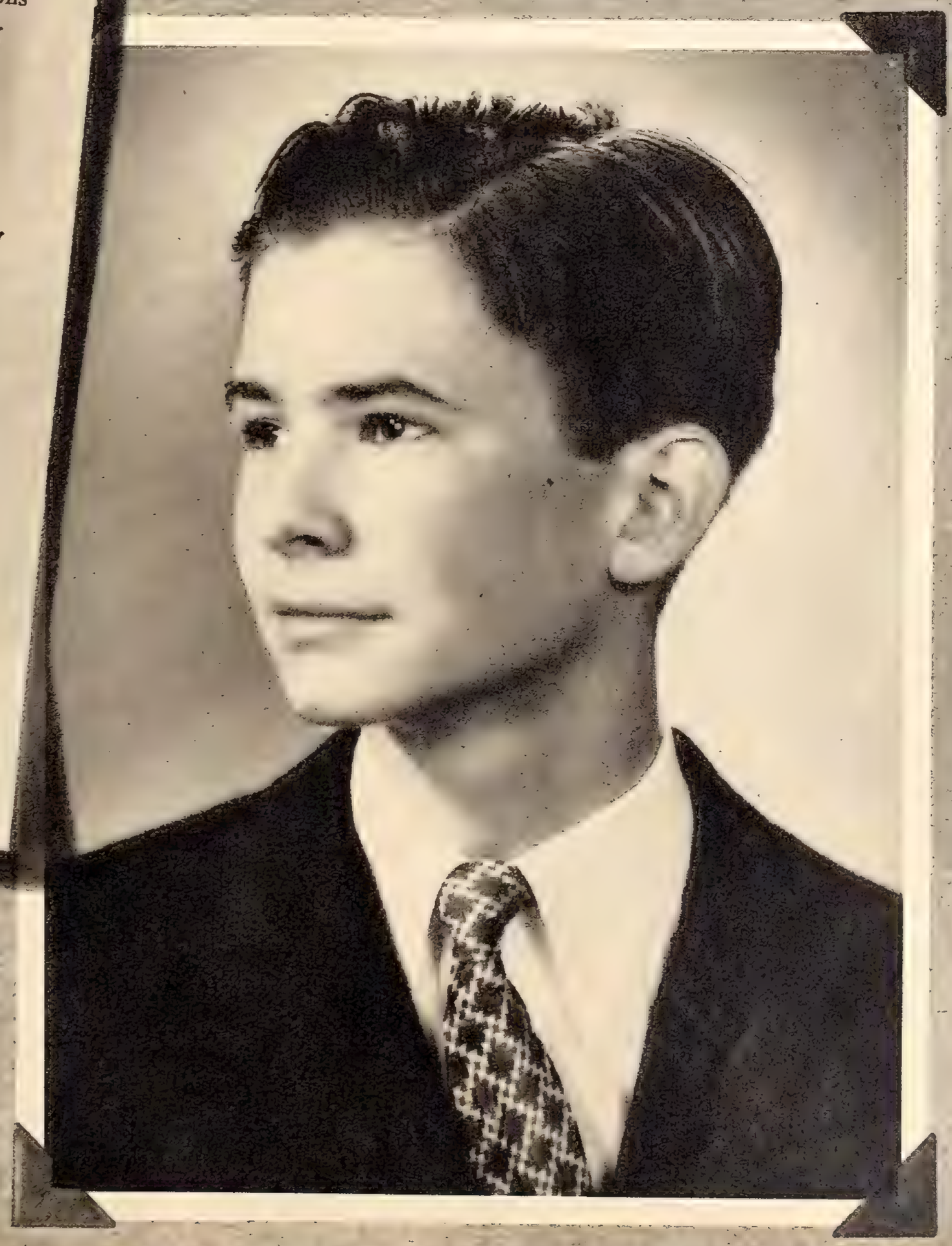
■ Tony's Dad passed away when Tony was five. But that last summer of his life he and the boy did everything together, and Tony has a vivid memory of his father. He always talked about his father, and he has seen him any number of times in his old movies. The first time was when Tony was eight or nine. Tony always kept his eye on the newspaper for a revival of *Scarface*, one of his father's best-known films. One day he found it. Tony was very impressed; if the truth be told, not just because it was his father but also because Tony was at the gangster-picture age—and *Scarface* was one of the best. I think sub-consciously Tony always wanted to measure up to his dad—both as a man and as an actor. And I know how proud of Tony his father would be if he could see Tony today—as a man and as an actor.

■ Maybe that's one of the reasons he was so anxious to learn to read. Tony was just four and a half and still in nursery school when he startled his teacher one day by exclaiming, "I just *got* to learn to read." He was an excellent reader by the time he was five. One evening—just about when this picture was taken—he came into my room and asked me to read to him. "I'm awfully tired, Tony," I answered, "why don't you read to me instead?" He picked up a book of poems and started reading just beautifully. Matter of fact, as he exhausted his own reading material, he'd go to work on mine! Whenever I brought home a new book, and suddenly found it had disappeared, I'd go to Tony's room; sure enough it would be there! Tony was very young indeed when he learned to love literature and the theatre.

Tony Perkins will soon be seen in Paramount's Fear Strikes Out, The Lonely Man *and* The Tin Star.



the bookworm



Following in Dad's footsteps



DON'T LET HOLLYWOOD MAKE YOU SKINNY!

"Kim Novak has to shed 20 pounds . . ." MIKE CONNOLLY, HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

"Kim has been given the word. Shed a few pounds . . ." DOROTHY KILGALLEN, JOURNAL-AMERICAN

"Kim is trying to take off 15 pounds . . ." SIDNEY SKOLSKY, NEW YORK POST

Dear Kim:

This is an open letter because I haven't got the nerve to write a closed one. I'm newly married, and my wife understands me, but if she ever found out that I was sending private love notes to a lady with lavender hair—

Anyhow, I'm fresh out of purple ink, and I figure you wouldn't bother reading words in any other color. If I'm wrong, I'll eat my hat. Okay, now down to business. The sentence about my hat was thrown in just to introduce the topic of the day, namely eating.

It's come to my ears that you're about to quit same, because some base persons are spreading rumors that, lately, there's too much Novak. You know this isn't possible. There isn't enough Novak to go around. Ask Mac Krim, Count Mario, Frankie-boy. Ask your fans. Ask *anybody*. Every ounce of you is loved, and cherished. (This reminds me of a song in which Louis Prima used to carry on about his girl and how the bigger her figger the better he liked her because there was more of her to adore.)

The columnists, those hardened characters, are fighting me tooth and nail in an effort to shave you down to a slat. Starting in September, the papers began to run squibs. From Mike Connolly in THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER: "Kim Novak has to shed twenty pounds before *Jeanne Eagels* rolls. It's that Eyetalian food Sinatra's been shoveling into her." From Dorothy Kilgallen in the JOURNAL-AMERICAN: "Kim Novak has been given the word. Shed a few pounds before it's camera-time again. You're getting zoftic." From Sidney Skolsky in the NEW YORK POST: "Kim Novak is trying to take off fifteen pounds before she faces the camera for the *Jeanne Eagels* story."

Well, there you are. Sidney's not as dangerous as Mike. He advocates the loss of five fewer pounds. But I'm (*Continued on page 90*)

WHAT A FRENCH GIRL TAUGHT TAB HUNTER ABOUT LOVE



by LOU LARKIN

■ "All I have to do is look into her eyes and she knows what I'm thinking," Tab Hunter said. There was a hint of amazement on his tanned face.

"I've been making love to Etchika for two weeks, every day. But conversation is pretty difficult between us. I speak very little French. She speaks very little English. But we found that the language barrier won't stop a guy and a gal from having fun.

"Yet every time I asked her for a real date she was busy studying English. Three days ago, however, I got a little inside information. Yesterday was her birthday. So I said, 'Etchika, you are going out wizz me? Non? Vous êtes vingt-trois aujord'hui.' She laughed at my fractured French which tried to say you are twenty-three today. But this time she said, 'Oui, Tab, oui.'

"Well, when I arrived last night she opened the door, looked very surprised for a moment or two and then said, 'Bon, Tab, bon. For a mo-ment I deed not re-cog-nize you. For zhee firs' time I see you wizz clothes.'

"It's a good thing there weren't any gossip columnists around to hear that!" Tab said shaking his head. "I don't know what they would have made of it.

"The explanation is very simple. For the last four days Etchika and I have been playing a long love scene together in *Lafayette Escadrille.* The action takes place in the Parisian apartment of the girl played by Etchika, and all of the time I've been bare to the waist."

While Tab was talking, Etchika had finished her eggs and was sipping coffee. Her young eyes watched Tab as though she were a little hypnotized by his voice and his words. I asked her what impressed her about American girls.

"Oh, American women are really and truly *American.* They have such a strong spirit of independence. A Frenchman would be afraid of most American girls. She would stand up to him and he would not like that very much. In my country the man must not only be the boss, but the woman must let her man know she accepts his rulership.

"In France, contrary to what most Americans think, the man is *not* so interested in a woman's physical beauty. He wants something deeper. A feminine elegance and particularly, good taste. A woman of good taste is a very special thing to a Frenchman. And he wants faithfulness. All these are most important to him. No Frenchman would ever marry, as I've heard some American men do, for beauty alone. He would be considered very weak as a man and his (*Continued on page 89*)



by SUSAN WENDER

ONE MIKE'S SWEET IS



the tragic result of Liz Taylor's love affair

ANOTHER MIKE'S POISON

■ The day he phoned Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger to tell them about the break-up of his marriage, Mike Wilding neither felt nor sounded like a beaten man. "Look," he said brightly to Stewart, while Jean on the extension phone in the bedroom made little noises of shock and sympathy, "we're old friends—you know this has been coming on for quite a while. But it isn't as bad as it looks. It's just a separation, really. I'm going to Sweden alone instead of with Liz, that's all it really amounts to."

Stewart cleared his throat. "Then why are you making an announcement to the papers?"

"Oh, that," Mike said. "Well, you know Liz . . . Besides, I thought as long as I'm going to be away so long—and everything being so tense right now—it would be a good idea for Liz to—to get out a little, see other men, *compare* you know . . ." His voice trailed off, then became flip. "This way no one will send me anonymous letters about my wife."

"Mike," Stewart said.

Jean's voice broke in. "Mike, I want you to do me one favor. When you get back from Sweden, come stay with us. We have plenty of room and we'd love to have you, wouldn't we honey?"

"Oh, absolutely," Stewart said. "You must come, old man, we'll be—"

"Well, thanks," Mike said. "It's good of you both, I'm most grateful. But by the time I get back, I'll probably be ready to move home again, you know. Probably a little taste of being apart is all we need. Anyway, my father will still be at the house. Have to keep an eye on him. I'll be going right home, I expect."

There was a pause. Then Jean said brightly, "Of course. But if—by any chance—you don't want to, Michael, you will come to us?"

"Sure. Sure, I'll keep it in mind. And thanks again. I'll drop you a line from Sweden."

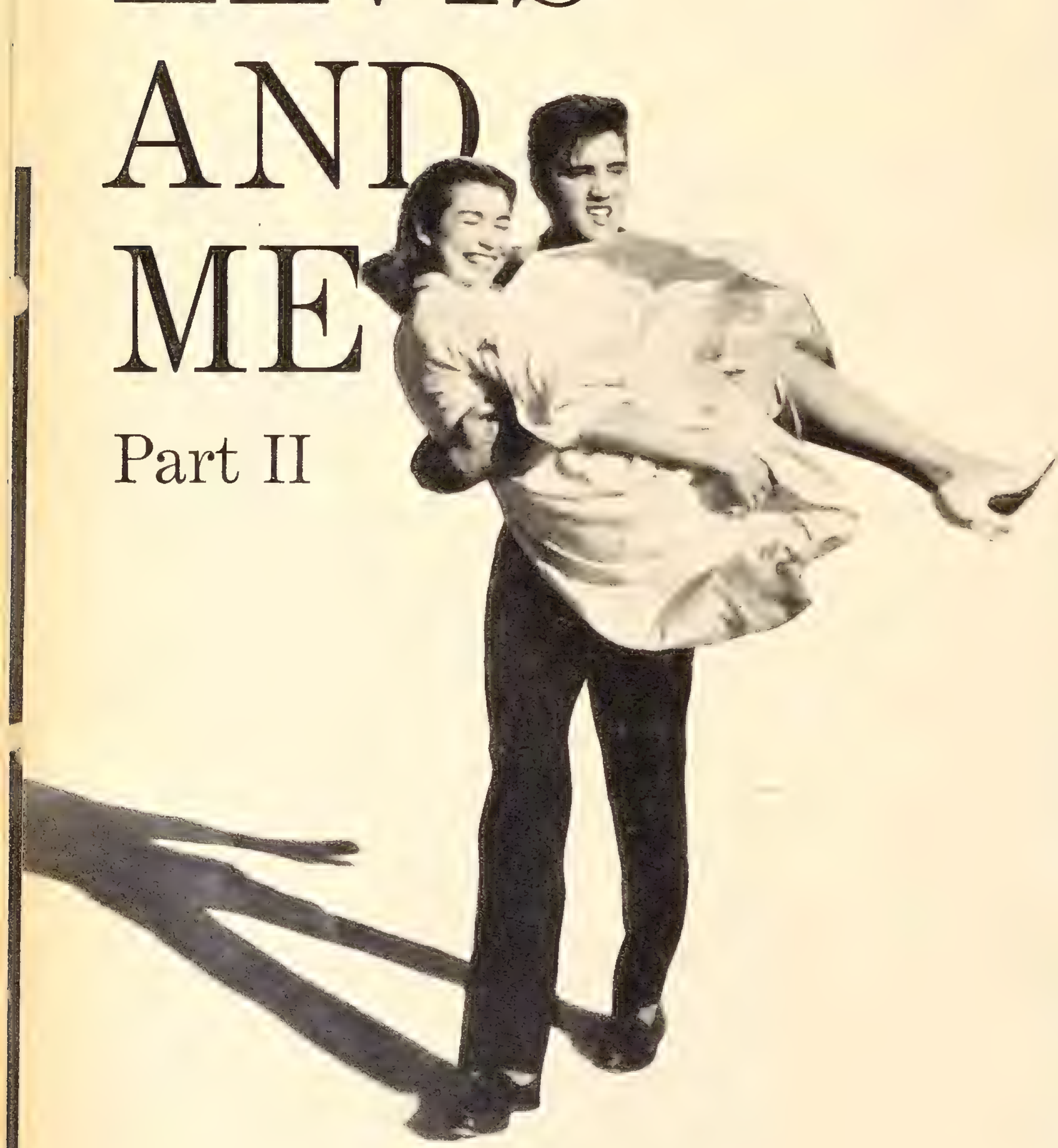
And a few days later at the airport, he put an arm tentatively around his wife's rigid shoulders and tried to manage a smile for the photographers before he stepped on the plane.

But when Mike Wilding came back from Sweden, he didn't go home. He took a taxi alone from the airport and checked (*Continued on page 86*)



MORE ABOUT ELVIS AND ME

Part II



by Judy Spreckels

HIS NO. 1 FAN

■ *My thanks to all of you who have written in after reading Part I of my story about Elvis, wanting to know more about* me. *Here are my answers to your questions.*

I have lived all my twenty-four years in Beverly Hills, California. I have blue eyes and long dark blonde hair. I'm 5 foot 3½ inches tall, weigh ninety-eight pounds, and I look younger than I am. My education includes Beverly Hills High School, Stephens College, *Columbia, Mo. and U.C.L.A. I would rather ride horseback than eat, and have some nice horses of my own in the San Fernando Valley. I enjoy most other warm weather sports, too.*

I am engaged to a wonderful guy. His name is Jim Cauthen, he's 6 foot 4½ inches tall, and he is a business executive. Like Elvis, he is from the South, and they know and understand each other. Jim enjoys Elvis' records and shows just as much as I do, even though he is far from being a teen-ager. He's thirty-two.

I met Elvis quite a while ago, before he became so world famous. We just always seemed to get along. Just like El, I like cars and sometimes I go overboard. When we haven't seen each other for a while, we always ask, "What are you driving now?" We get into long discussions about the merits of our current chariots, as opposed to the bombs we just unloaded.

Everywhere I go now, El's fans recognize me and they come up and talk to me about Elvis. I like to talk to them because I know the shyness that you feel at first. I was very shy, but I managed to overcome it. I realized when I was in my teens that I wasn't going to be a raving beauty—but not many other people are either, so the best thing to do was make the most of it by looking neat and clean, and concentrating on my personality. It worked out fine.

I'm for all types of popular music, but I don't dig opera. I can't sing one note on key, but that doesn't stop me. I like almost everything El sings because his music makes me happy. I have every record he has ever made and a tape recording of every TV *program he has been on. Sometimes we play back his old* TV *appearances and talk about them.*

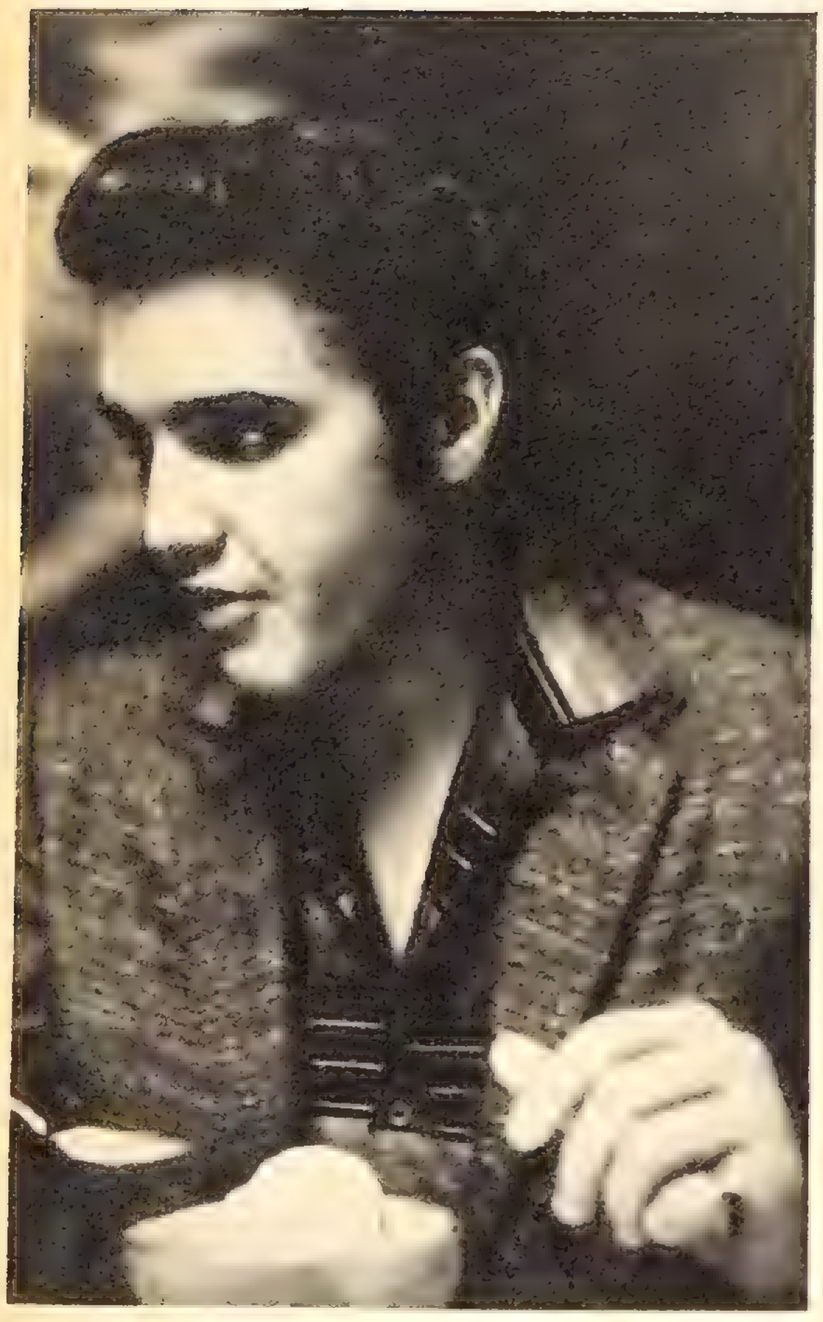
My favorite hobby, which is rapidly becoming a profession, is drawing. As a matter of fact, I recently completed a portrait of Elvis. He really flipped when he saw it, said it is the best likeness of himself that he has ever seen. Everyone likes it so much, that Modern Screen *is going to print it in a forthcoming issue, so watch for it.*

If you have any further questions about me, or if you want to hear more about Elvis as I know him, write to me in care of Modern Screen *and I'll do my best to answer.*

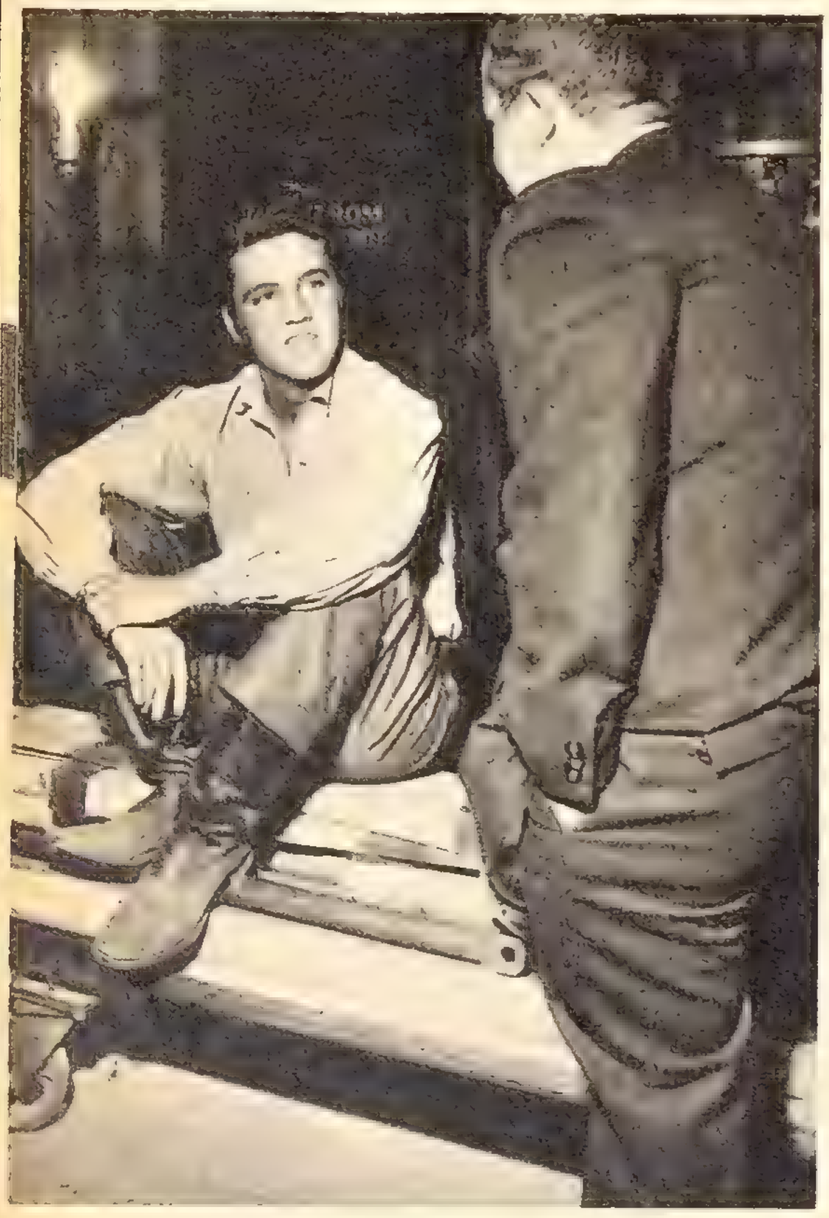
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What really bugs Elvis:



El's got his own ideas about food.



He refuses to imitate other actors.

those soft fried eggs

It seems funny, but it was usually about four o'clock before we'd go out to the hotel dining room for breakfast. I've seen people do a double take as we walked along and they'd hear Elvis talk about what we'd do "after we eat *breakfast*"—and it was already late afternoon!

Lots of people think that Elvis just eats pork chops at every meal. All the time we had meals together, I've never seen him eat them once! But he'd order fried eggs hard as a rock, lots of toast, milk, lots of bacon. When the waitress had all that written down and was walking away he'd stop her and say, "Ma'am, before you bring that, could I have half a cantaloupe with ice cream in it?"

Then Elvis would sit and stare off into space. Sometimes when the eggs came they wouldn't be cooked hard enough, and Elvis would apologetically ask the waitress if she couldn't take them back and get them cooked rock hard. When she was gone he'd say, not complaining but just wondering, "I can't figure it out, why the cook can't cook those eggs the way I want 'em. It may sound crazy to him, but I'm the one whose eating them. Not him."

After awhile the eggs would come back like granite, and he'd beam all over. Then he'd order another cantaloupe with ice cream!

When Elvis eats, he listens. Not that he's concentrating on himself. I got the feeling that he's listening for a reason. It's the way he soaks up knowledge. He'd lean over to me and whisper, asking what someone meant. Maybe other people thought he was being romantic; he was only finding out things he didn't know about!

those Dean comparisons

In the back of his mind all that Elvis thinks about is being a really good actor. Not a big star, because in the entertainment field he's already a big star—and he'd be foolish if he didn't know it. He's used to public demonstrations and displays of affection, and they don't go to his head.

He doesn't want to be typed, to be a second anybody else. Although they don't look alike, people have compared him to Jimmy Dean in his popularity and his naturalness. He doesn't want to act like somebody else acts, but the way he feels. And he's said: "I don't want people to say I'm a second anybody. I don't try to act like or copy anybody. I'm just me and I think when people see me in pictures they'll know I'm not trying to copy anybody. I really want to be a good actor." He studies his script, figures out the part and knows how he wants to play it. He just acts himself.

I've had to take a lot of abuse and ribbing from people around Hollywood for being friends with El, people saying he had no talent . . . people saying he wouldn't get anywhere and was just a flash in the pan. But I've always stuck up for him. I predicted in the beginning he'd be a big hit. No one can really be happier than I am to see him come out here to Hollywood, make his first movie, see the way the kids love him, the crowds at the airport. It justifies all my faith in him.

I'd heard Elvis sing for the first time on a trip through the south and when I came back to Hollywood I told everybody about him. Everybody just laughed and said, "What's an Elvis Presley?"

But I guess I'm going to have the last laugh!

And I know how happy the people in Memphis are about his success. No one who knows him ever speaks badly of him. Everybody asks me, "Do you think he'll change? Like all the rest of them do?" I think the answer is *no.*

people who hold grudges

Only once since I've known Elvis did we have a real disagreement. I was disappointed and hurt, sort of, at something he had done. When he called me on the 'phone to ask me if I'd pick him up at the usual time, since we hadn't talked that day, I snapped back, "No, you can walk!" and hung up. I later found out that he confided to a mutual friend that he was very upset . . . and hurt . . . that we had had this disagreement. I felt so badly. Of course I did pick him up, but we rode along in silence. When I let him out I whispered to him what I always say before he goes on. That night I didn't sit at ringside but stood in the back. When he came out he went to his table and sat down for dinner. I was seated next to him and Cousin Gene was on the other side with other people. But to Elvis and me it seemed like there was no one else at the table. This barrier was between us like a wall of ice.

We went through the ritual of ordering, talked to other people and we were both hurt inside. I knew that I had forgiven him —and he had forgiven me for exploding— and I felt that since I was the older, and presumably the wiser, that it was my place to make the overture that would set everything to rights. I put my hand on the arm of his chair and he reached out and put his hand on mine and we looked at each other. I excused myself from the table. He came after and gave me sort of a sullen look. We found a table and the corners of his eyes

began to twinkle and he smiled at me. Then he whispered in my ear and suddenly everything was all right again. Then the whole incident was completely erased.

What I whispered was, "I understand El, it's okay—I forgive you—you didn't mean it." What he whispered to me was, "I'm sorry; I didn't mean it. I'm truly sorry." After that everything was all right. It seemed we were closer friends than ever.

But deep down inside we both remember the pain that comes when someone you are fond of does something to hurt you. And the pain that comes with trying to right the wrong. Most of all, El and I dislike people who can't forgive.

unnecessary phone calls

I remember one time when Elvis heard his name blare out over the hotel loudspeaker and he got up and went to the hotel 'phone. It wasn't in a booth, and I overheard Elvis talking, saying, "Yes ma'am. No ma'am. Where did you say you were calling from, ma'am?" I didn't listen any more. When it was over I said, "What was all that about?" He said, "It was some lady said she was from Los Angeles and maybe I would remember her in the green dress. But I don't remember a green dress. My goodness, there were so many people." It was then that we decided that I would take over for the time being as El's unofficial private secretary, because of the great number of calls. I kept track, and the calls from all over the country averaged one every five minutes. Mostly the people were very understanding, but now and then it was hard to explain to someone who had spent money on a long distance call just why it was that Elvis, who was rehearsing or something, couldn't drop everything and come and talk on the 'phone. I know how it is—after you've heard a record, or perhaps someone who's made a fine speech over TV, the urge is to get right on the 'phone and call them up. Usually, if you think about it, it's better if you sit down and write a letter.

going to bed late

After shows in places like Las Vegas, where the last performances wind up at two o'clock, Elvis is like any other performer. He has a late supper; then he relaxes . . . talks to friends. He doesn't finally get to bed until about four or four-thirty in the morning. This seems a little crazy to us who live more regulated lives, but that's show business. And while I was in Vegas, I was living half my day while Elvis and his group were still sleeping!

I'd have a late lunch and then as Colonel



MORE ➔

What really sends Elvis:



El loves getting writer's cramp for his fans.



"That's some motorcycle . . . yes sir, some bike!"

Parker suggested, I'd start thinking about getting Elvis acquainted with the world.

For instance, if he had an interview appointment over the phone—from Canada at three o'clock, say—I'll go over to his bungalow, toot on the horn or hammer on the door and Cousin would stick his head out. I'd ask about Elvis and he'd say, "He's still sleeping." I'd say, "Okay, do you wake him or do I make noise?"

"Never mind, I'll wake him," he'd answer. Then Elvis would call out, "What sort of a day is it?" I'd tell him and he'd ask, "Did you get my guitar strings like I asked?" and I'd say, "Yup." And I'd hear him mumble, "It's funny about those strings, why I break so many. I guess I'm just enthusiastic!"

After a while Elvis would come out dressed in frontier pants, no socks, no shirt and point at me and say, "You ain't nothing but a houn' dog!"

Then we'd sing and fool around, getting the day off to a good start. And I'd press him for the interview.

Right on schedule the 'phone would ring.

Once, I remember, Elvis picked up the phone, listened for a minute and said, "Yes, I heard that rumor that I was dead. And because of my folks and everything I felt badly about it. I don't know why people would start things like that." Then he'd answer more questions. Always polite, he'd say, "Thanks very much for being interested in me, taking the trouble to call."

And he meant it.

actin' real natural

Elvis is fiercely loyal. I've often seen it. For instance, once a girl at a nearby table loudly made fun of the way I had said "*please pass the toast*," trying to make me seem ridiculous. El turned to her and said, "I don't want to hear another word out of you."

He may not be sophisticated, but he knew that her lack of manners was wrong . . . even though he might not know what fork to use himself!

He hates slighting remarks, even though they are not about people he knows. I've heard him say, "That's not a nice way to talk." I've seen him really shame thoughtless people, and it's made me proud to know him. Of the girls who have been around him, I have noticed that he likes those with good manners. I've heard him say, "Man, did you ever hear a girl so loud and noisy?" And again: "I don't mind people being happy, but I don't like people trying to attract attention by being loud!"



I get mad when people say things about El that aren't true. I guess the best way is just to have the truth made known about Elvis.

El gets along well wherever he is. He never demands fancy accommodations or asks for special services. In fact he seems quite amazed at all the services available in hotels. He's a smart boy and people who think he isn't are sadly mistaken. If a person's intelligence is to be determined by his grammar, that's a poor standard to judge by.

laughing and cutting up

El is extremely polite. Around strangers he is very shy and quiet. When he knows you well—as he knows me and his cousin Gene—he can talk and laugh and cut up and say exactly what he feels like saying. He thinks so rapidly that he sometimes stammers when his thoughts get ahead of his words.

For instance, one afternoon Cousin Gene, Elvis and I were walking down the street when El saw a boy about our age getting on his motorcycle. We walked over to him and he looked at El and El said, "That's some motorcycle." They got into a discussion and El told him about the one he had at home. The boy got on his 'cycle and El yelled after him, "Yes sir, that's sure some bike!" The boy went off with a roar. Two seconds after Elvis said, "It's really a lousy motorcycle, but look how good he feels!"

El doesn't drink, smoke or care for night clubs, except to perform in. He's generous and ambitious. He's not sophisticated. Not jaded. He loves life.

El is like someone who found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Once when we had known each other for only a little while a group of us decided to go to the movies and we were talking about how we'd get there. I suggested taking my car, which was just outside the hotel. When we walked out he asked which car was mine. I pointed to my Cadillac coup de ville. He asked if that was the first Cadillac I ever had and I said, "No." He lapsed into silence as we drove away. It was only in a later discussion that it came out what he was thinking—he found it hard to realize that there are some people who have always had the things that he is just now becoming accustomed to . . . that there is nothing wrong about having or not having. It's the way of the world.

Very often, while he was having dinner after his show, a lot of people would come over and ask for autographs—or just to talk. He'd let his food get cold.

And sometimes in the middle of signing an autograph, he'd look over at his cousin and say, "*Goolytwash.*" The people wouldn't know what he was saying, but it was a name that Sheky Green had made up for an aria in an Italian Opera. *Goolytwash* was sort of a favorite secret password which we'd pass around at odd moments.

Seems ridiculous, I suppose, but it made us happy. **END**

Elvis Presley can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Love Me Tender.



FOR SHORT GIRLS ONLY

Ann Blyth's experiences

texts by RUTH WATERBURY

■ When Ann Blyth was in the fourth grade of ST. PATRICK'S grammar school in New York, she was very proud of the fact that the Sisters always let her head the class from one room to the other. A tiny, appealing little thing with her dark hair and her big blue eyes, she walked proudly as she led the children down the corridors, carefully getting them to the next room right on time. She was still proud of this honor when she was promoted to the fifth grade, and also to the sixth. Until the shocking morning that she realized she was not leading the class through the halls because of any merit. She was merely up in front because she was the littlest.

Ann was a dreamer then. Ann is a dreamer now. The big difference between Ann and many dreamers is that she makes her dreams come true. At the age of twelve in New York City, she was just a tiny bit of a girl who dreamed of becoming a great actress. She was also a very poor girl, she and her mother being alone in the world. She knew that the necessity of earning not only her own living but one for her mother faced her. She couldn't conceive of making money except by acting. But at the age of twelve, for a few brief weeks, when she comprehended that she wasn't growing tall she was overwhelmed by doubt and fear. For a girl of Ann's faith, this was a terrible feeling. She looked about her at the really important actresses—at the statuesque Lynn Fontanne and Katherine Cornell on stage, at Ethel Merman in musical comedy, at Joan Crawford and Ingrid Bergman in movies. Tall, all of them. Then, just as Ann was thirteen, and barely the size of a girl of eight, came the opportunity for her to be in the hit play, *The Watch On The Rhine.* It meant she would have to leave ST. PATRICK'S and go to a professional children's school; it meant parting from all the playmates she had made at ST. PATRICK'S and the Sisters whom she loved so much. It meant work, and long hours, and the tension of being the youngest actress on Broadway that season. It also meant Ann's dream beginning to come true. None of that meant anything to her in comparison to her recovering her faith. *For it was the very fact that she was so small for her age that had given her this first opportunity.*

"I didn't know," Ann says, "that I was entering into a very special world when I went into that show. Where my friends at ST. PATRICK'S were turning into teen-agers, thinking about dates and dances, I was turning into an actress thinking of engagements. My girl friends were going to parties while my life was crammed with six evening shows a week and two matinees, plus my regular school work and lessons in singing, in dancing, in diction. I didn't have time to miss boy friends—I was having a career. I didn't think about clothes. I had my stage costumes, and whatever little dresses I wore off-stage, my mother made for me. That way I didn't realize until I came to Hollywood and U-I that it was impossible for me to walk into a shop and buy anything ready-made. And can that be a headache! I didn't know about beauty salons. I knew only make-up men. I certainly didn't know about necking. I didn't smoke or drink. I look back upon myself (*Continued on page 84*)

FOR TALL GIRLS ONLY

Esther Williams' confessions

She was fourteen years old, typical, pretty, bright and sloppy; she was five feet two, in the top ten of her class, popular with girls and beginning to get the eye from the boys. That was Esther Williams at fourteen—*before* the summer started.

Then, wham, it happened. Summer vacation came. She swam, played volley ball on the beach, ran races, danced and generally had a great athletic time of it. And began shooting up.

At first she barely noticed it. All the girls in her group were shooting up, even faster than the boys of their crowd. Esther put on an inch, which was fine. And then another, which was all right. And then another. And then a fourth. She was scared and bewildered. She grew out of every dress she owned, every old beat-up bathing suit. Since she didn't put on an extra pound with those added inches she began to look like a pink string bean, walking.

In May she had been five feet two; by August she was five feet six—and still growing. When she went back to school in September she towered over every one of her class-mates, with five feet seven and a half inches. Her height had come on her so suddenly that she felt awkward, not certain how to use her hands or feet, or what to do with her lean, lanky body.

Such prominence was unwanted but the worst was yet to come. Her best girl chum walked out on her—"I don't want to be your best friend any more," said her closest pal, "why, you're a freak. You're not going to be popular at all. Boys will hate you, and as for the other girls. . ."

Today in her beautiful home, with her devoted husband and her three children around her, her fame secure and her carefully-handled money in the bank, Esther can laugh. But when she was fourteen it wasn't easy to lose a friend . . . and to lose all her personal security, just because she had changed into being conspicuous. She was then emotionally what no teen-ager wants to be. She was *different.* She was different at an age when all kids want to be just like all other kids.

"I know now," Esther says, "that I was simply going through the suffering of any teen-ager who grows too tall too soon. But right then I wanted to die. Companionship was so important to me, largely because I had always had it. There were five of us Williams kids and I was the baby, so I was used to having fun and laughter and playmates always around me. But this was my first contact with the hard, cold world. Yes, I definitely wanted to die.

"Then another blow hit me. I discovered I had to wear glasses. I'd always had A's on my report card so when I brought one home with a D in mathematics my mother asked me why. Until then I didn't honestly know why. I sat in the back of the classroom, of course, because my last name began with a W. What I used to do unconsciously was go up to the blackboard, memorize the questions, and go back to my seat to work out the answers. On things like geography or history this was easy. In math I just couldn't absorb the figures fast enough to get away with this. And I didn't realize that I wasn't seeing as well as everyone else was! But my mother and I found out about my near-sightedness one evening right after I got that bad report card. Mom had asked me what the headlines were in the paper that had just been tossed on our porch. I was half way across the room before I could read them—and then I was half way (*Continued on page 92*)



I kissed him on
the cheek, wished
him well, and watched
him walk down
the street. He
kicked at some
stones like a
little boy scuffling
down the street,
and he stopped
under a lamppost
to light a
cigarette. Then
he squared
his shoulders,
turned the corner,
and was gone . . .

I almost

married Jimmy Dean

by Beverly Wills *as told to Helen Weller*



■ I was Jimmy Dean's girl friend. We went steady for seven months, and at one time we talked about getting married. I loved Jimmy at that time and I understood him as few people did.

We met on a blind date about five years ago. He was a bashful boy behind big horn-rimmed glasses and his hair looked as though it hadn't been combed in weeks. When we were introduced he merely said, "Hi," and stared at the floor.

Finally we got into his car and drove to a shore picnic—and he hardly said a word. He was a little self-conscious about his car, not because it was beat-up looking, but because he couldn't whip any speed out of it. "Good old Elsie," he said with a wry kind of smile, stroking the wheel. "I call her Elsie because she's slow as a cow. I hate anything slow. I wish I could trade this in for a fast job." After that little speech, he clammed up and didn't say another word.

I thought he was pretty much of a creep until we got to the picnic, and then all of a sudden he came to life. We began to talk about acting and Jimmy lit up. He told me how interested he was in the Stanislavsky method, where you not only act out people, but things too.

"Look," said Jimmy, "I'm a palm tree in a storm." He held his arms out and waved wildly. To feel more free, he impatiently tossed off his cheap, tight blue jacket. He looked better as soon as he did, because you could see his broad shoulders and powerful build. Then he got wilder and pretended he was a monkey. He climbed a big tree and swung from a high branch. Dropping from the branch he landed on his hands like a little kid who was suddenly turned loose. He even laughed like a little boy, chuckling uproariously at every little thing. Once in the spotlight, he ate it up and had us all in stitches all afternoon. The 'creep' turned into the hit of the picnic.

I learned that it was nothing for Jimmy to run through a whole alphabet of emotions in one evening, alternating sharply from low to high and back again, and no one could ever tell what mood would hit him. A couple of nights later, we went to a movie and during the picture Jimmy sat hunched forward, his chin cupped in his hands, looking something like that statue of the thinker. When I tried to whisper something to him, he shushed me up. He was so completely absorbed in the performance on the screen! (*Continued on page 82*)



by DENA REED

■ *One evening last October Eddie Fisher put in a long-distance call from Hollywood to a small suburb of Philadelphia.*

"Hello, Mom," he said, "hold on for a minute, our daughter wants to sing for you."

His mom, scarcely breathing, glued her ear to the receiver.

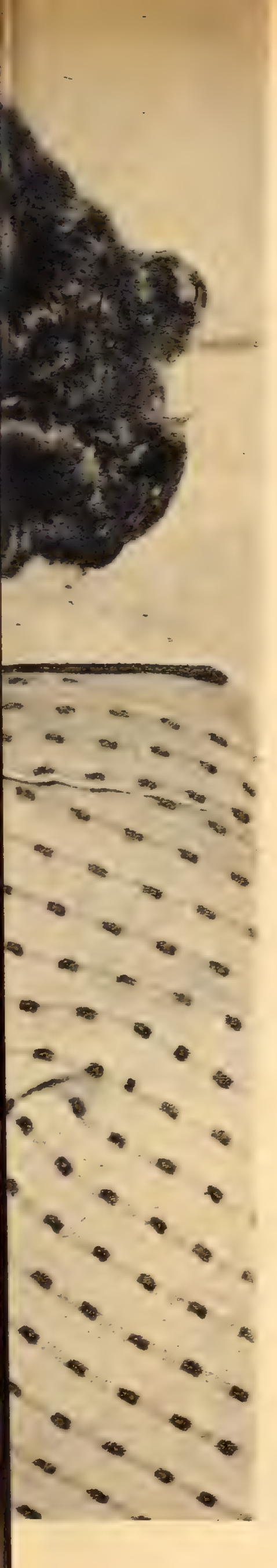
"Yahh . . . yahhhhhh," cooed Carrie Frances, loudly and with much feeling.

When Mom hung up, her eyes were just a bit wet with the happiness of love . . . love for a new grandchild, love for the daughter-in-law she adored.

How different from the tears of fear and worry she had shed such a short time ago! How she had worried about Eddie! And the girl she was so afraid would break his heart, a movie actress, yet, for her Sonny . . .

Debbie Reynolds . . . a laughing face on a big screen—what kind of a wife was that for her boy?

Mom had figured on a nice homebody like her own girls—someone who could keep his socks in order, cook lima bean soup and make blintzes that would match her own.



Eddie's mother
thought:
A movie actress!
Will she
be the right wife
for my boy?

How Debbie won her mother-in-law's love

s sister Janet knew that such a girl d her brother would be in *two fferent worlds* but still it was nice dream of Sonny settling down. een, the baby of the family, had a vate dream all her own about ich she told no one. Because she lized her brother, any girl he ked would be all right with her, vided she met one specification: Eileen wanted the girl her brother would marry to look like her favorite movie star, Debbie Reynolds! She could dream, couldn't she?

It was only a facsimile she had dared hope for. But when Eileen read that Eddie had met Debbie and invited her to his opening at the Coconut Grove, she was sure her brother had added mind-reading to his many accomplishments! The gossip columns worked overtime making Eddie and Debbie a twosome but the Fishers, accustomed to the ways of publicity, agreed that they made cute pictures together but they wouldn't dare take it seriously unless Eddie told it to them himself. And Mom fell asleep nights worrying about a stranger who didn't (*Continued on page 62*)

*John Smith:

"Marlon Brando saved me from suicide"

**EDITOR'S NOTE:*
Some people get embarrassed when nice things are said about them—and Marlon Brando is such a guy. The fellow who wrote the following story about Brando (we'll call him 'John Smith') knows this very well. "You can use my story but please don't use my right name," he told us, "I haven't seen Marlon for years. He has a bad memory and I hope he's forgotten my name. But if he does remember it, I'm in trouble. He'll probably come and punch me in the nose. He's a great guy—after all he saved my life—but he just can't stand compliments."

■ The first time I met Marlon Brando he was knee-deep in girls. Pretty ones, ugly ones, tall, short—swarming all over him. Why not? He was on top of the world. He'd just finished *The Men* and *Streetcar* and he was back in New York, tossing a party for a few friends—especially female.

Me, on the other hand, I was about as low as you can get. I was twenty-six years old, I'd just been fired from my job, and my girl was leaving me—hard and fast. To put it bluntly and get it over with, I'd spent the night before thinking about killing myself. That's no joke. I meant it. I couldn't think of any reason why I shouldn't, and there was one good reason why I should: I was too sick with misery to go on living. Believe that—I wasn't playing with the idea. It was just a matter of working up the nerve to do it fast, and I hadn't gotten quite to that point yet. But I was getting there.

This party wasn't helping, either. A friend of mine dragged me there—he was worried about me and he wouldn't leave me alone. So he made me come along by telling me my girl might be there. I didn't know if he really thought she might or not, but anyway I came and she never showed, and now he was off in a corner talking to a bunch of actors and giving me a nervous glance every now and then. For twenty minutes I'd been standing with my back against a wall, wondering if she might still show up, or if I'd be better off ducking out before my pal got hold of me again. If she didn't come in ten minutes, I decided, I'd get out. Maybe this was the night I'd find the guts to put a (*Continued on page 65*)



BOYS DISLIKE SILLY GIRLS. CLAIRE LEONARD, SAL'S DATE, SHOWS HOW *NOT* TO ACT. (Photos by Jack Manning.)

Sal Mineo tells:



What Boys expect from Girls on a Date!



Q *How Should A Girl Dress When She Doesn't Know Where She's Going?*

DON'T

She should never dress up but, rather, dress *down*. I called a girl for a date and told her we had to make an appearance at a première but we weren't going to stay for the movie. Instead we'd go dancing. I had a suit on, but she wore a gown and a mink stole.

DO

I told the girl that the people we were going with weren't all dressed up and I suggested she change. She did, and we were happy and comfortable the rest of the evening.



Q *What Should A Girl Do If Her Date Asks Her Where She'd Like To Go?*





DON'T

She shouldn't shrug her shoulders and say "I don't know." Any girl who does that makes me feel like a kid for having even asked her.

DO

Have a place in mind! If I'm gentleman enough to ask, you should tell me. In fact, I'd rather have you tell me. Then if we have a good time, it's fine. I'd have so much more fun knowing my date is happy. If not, we're both partly responsible and I won't feel badly when I suggest we go somewhere else.

MORE ➤

Sal Mineo tells:

What Boys expect from Girls on a Date!

continued





Luchow's Restaurant– New York City

Q *If They're Going Dutch, Should The Girl Give Her Money To Her Date?*

DO

Definitely. A girl should be smart enough to understand the circumstances. And if she is, she'll give the guy the money *before* they go out. This way, there's a much more relaxed feeling between the two of them. It's the feeling that they're sharing things together. And he'll like her so much more for being so considerate.

DON'T

Whatever you do, don't embarrass the boy. And believe me, it's so embarrassing for a boy to have to ask his date for money. It's hard enough to date if the guy works or goes to school and is on an allowance. And it's twice as hard on him when *she* insists on giving the waiter her half of the money in front of the boy. She's making a big mistake by doing this.

Q *What If the Girl Plans a More Expensive Evening Than Her Date Can Afford?*

DON'T

First of all, she shouldn't think of going to a place he can't afford. I remember going to a première with a girl. Afterwards she suggested going to the COPACABANA nightclub. I wasn't in a position to take her there. Sure I had a tuxedo and I came in a Cadillac. But I had rented them. So all I said was, "It's getting kind of late." It was sort of a hint, but it worked.

DO

A girl should suggest a place she knows the boy can afford. I once took out a girl and we were really dressed to go on the town. But quite different from the other girl, she wanted to go to a quiet, inexpensive place she knew about. We went there and had a ball. And I never forgot her for taking into consideration what I could and couldn't afford.







Q *Do Most Boys Expect A Kiss On the First Date, No Matter What the Circumstances?*



DON'T

I've met girls I couldn't possibly kiss even if I wanted to, simply because they said *no*. You know, I walk them to the door and we say *good night*. And that's all. With me, as with most fellows, I couldn't force it. It's up to the girl whether or not we'll kiss good night, whether it's on the first or the fifth date.

DO

A girl's kiss doesn't mean what it used to. Years ago, it meant two people liked each other even on the first date. Now some kids kiss good night instead of shaking hands. I never think a girl is 'bad' if she kisses on the first date. But it differs with everyone, and I still say, it's up to the girl.



Q *Do You Expect Your Date to Ask You Up For A Snack?*

DON'T

I don't even think about it or expect it. And neither do most fellows. Things have changed and a fellow doesn't get such a big kick out of going to the gal's home for a snack. It's not a sign that she doesn't like me if she doesn't invite me up. She may not be allowed to because of the hour. Also a guy gets uneasy about meeting her parents. Her dad might want to know what I do for a living.

DO

If you're allowed to bring up your date or a few friends, there's no harm in asking them up. But don't be disappointed if they don't come up. Probably, you'll all have had something to eat before you get home anyway.



Sal's in Warner's Giant, *U-I's* Rock Pretty Baby. *Watch for him in Columbia's* The Young Don't Cry.

MARCH BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in March, you'll be sharing it with—

March 3—**Bobby Driscoll**
March 8—**Cyd Charisse**
March 12—**Gordon MacRae**
March 16—**Jerry Lewis**
March 17—**Mike O'Shea**
March 22—**Karl Malden**
March 23—**Joan Crawford**
March 24—**Gene Nelson**
March 26—**Sterling Hayden**
March 27—**David Janssen**
March 29—**Dennis O'Keefe**
March 31—**Shirley Jones**



David Niven
March 1



Jennifer Jones
March 2



Desi Arnaz
March 2



Lou Costello
March 7



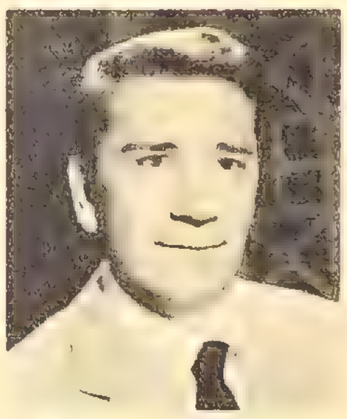
Claire Trevor
March 8



MacDonald Carey
March 15



Wendell Corey
March 20



Richard Conte
March 24

Your flower is a jonquil and your birthstone is a bloodstone!

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card and are not certain which studios they are with, write them c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

how debbie won her mother-in-law's love

(*Continued from page 55*) seem to fit the picture at all. A light-hearted girl who came from a different background than her Sonny, a girl brought up in a different religion—a glamorous actress. For her Sonny? How could such a girl make her son happy? Then one night, in the early Fall, the 'phone rang and Sonny asked Mom, "Can you come to New York for the week end? There's a girl I want you to meet. Name of Reynolds. You'll love her. She's flying to New York with her mother just to shake your hand."

Mom is not easily thrown but this time she was in a tizzy. It would have been serious enough if Eddie had invited her to come home with him but for their mothers to dash into town to get together —well! She couldn't sort out her feelings. She had wanted nothing more than for Eddie to find his girl. But somehow a girl named Debbie Reynolds didn't fit into the picture of the little wife in the big apron.

But Mom's policy had always been hands off with her children. Eddie would be no exception. She had taught her children to take marriage seriously, as the most important step in their lives and she knew that's the way he would take it. She could only pray. Maybe it wasn't so serious after all...

What's she like?

For the trip to New York, Mom felt the need of reinforcements. So it was decided that level-headed Janet should accompany her to New York. The only drawback to this was that the usually level-headed Janet had been thrown into a tizzy herself. She didn't sleep all night, thinking of the impending meeting. They were up at five, confiding their hopes and fears.

"The one thing I won't be able to take is if she high-hats us," Janet said.

"But she can't be that kind of girl," Mom insisted.

"Why not?"

"She reminds me of our Eileen, little and sweet," was Mom's answer. And she started thinking. It was true, Debbie's pictures did remind her of Eileen.

"How can we tell what she's like. She's been a star for quite a while. How could she help being the center of attraction and expecting to be?"

"I don't think Sonny would fall in love with a girl like that," said Mom stoutly. How could a girl who looked like Eileen be bad for her Sonny? Let's hope already he had found someone to take care of him! Someone to come home to. A good wife.

Now Mom was sure. She was a nice girl if Sonny loved her.

But her hands trembled as she packed a bag. . . .

The meeting in New York

The girl Sonny introduced her to was not a film star. Her mind kept insisting that she was, but her eyes refused to believe it. She was a shy, smiling child who bit her lips nervously and whose serious eyes met Mom's and pleaded to be liked. When they turned to Sonny's laughing brown ones, they grew soft and starry. That song Sonny sang—*Your eyes are the eyes of a woman in love.* Yes, with his arm around her, with his eyes on hers, this child was a woman. It was the look Mom had waited for, for a long time. And Mom knew this slip of a girl carried her son's happiness in the palm of her little hand. What's more, she knew it would be safe there. She opened her arms and heart to her future daughter.

The mothers got on famously together. Each discovered the other was very like herself. Each had come from a middle-class background, had worked hard and weathered bad times. Each had raised her child not to be spoiled by success but to take only the best of it.

And it was enough for Mom when Eddie said, "It's all been wonderful, Mom. There aren't any problems that we can't work out. I've known her only two months but I feel as if I knew her all my life."

It was a hectic and memorable week end, jammed to the brim with fun, family confidences, personal appearances, dreams and plans. Ed and Deb took their mothers each day to fancy restaurants—the STORK CLUB, 21, LINDY'S. In between they managed to go on shopping sprees buying gifts for each other and their mothers. Debbie appeared briefly on Eddie's TV program and met Ed's fans. In between the lunch dates, the shopping tours, the rehearsals and appearances, the sweethearts managed to get to one ball game, to hold hands over dinner at the STONEHENGE at twilight, to attend a reception at the WALDORF for Mrs. Grossinger and to ride home together at dawn in a hansom cab.

It was a week end to live over and over again in memory. And when they got back to Philadelphia, this is what Mom and Janet did.

Eileen listened with big round eyes to her usually calm and contained sister Janet raving: "Debbie's a doll, an absolute doll. She's like one of us. And they're head over heels in love."

Floating dizzily on Cloud 9, delirious with happiness, Eileen didn't dare breathe for fear she'd wake up! Debbie for a sister-in-law!

The great day arrives

The formal engagement took place in October in Hollywood. But the family celebration would be Thanksgiving when Eddie would bring her home. For weeks the house bustled with preparations. Mom, their part-time maid, the girls, every one pitched in to have a finger in the doings.

At last the great day arrived. The shiny mahogany table was opened to its full length and set for eighteen. Mom made Eddie's favorite dishes: lima bean soup, turkey and the fixin's. Suppressed excitement and the luscious smells from the kitchen made everyone a little giddy.

And then there they were—Miriam and Harry from Baltimore with their three cherubs, Stevie, Bradley and Mindy. Sis and his wife, Marty and their youngsters Penny and Debbie—the *original* three called her. Nettie, Janet and Lou, Bunny —the other bachelor son—and Eileen and Beau, who had started out as Bunny's pal and was ending Eileen's *young man*. And last, the guests of honor, Sonny and Debbie. They were in high spirits, happy to be home, determined to make the most of every minute of it. They clowned with the family, were crazy-happy together like a pair of carefree puppies.

But when the meal was ended and Mom got up to do the dishes, Debbie was ahead of her, led her back to the living room and made her sit down. "Mom," she said, serious for the first time, "you worked hard to cook this lovely dinner for us. Now it's your turn to take it easy. I'm going to wash the dishes and the girls can dry if they want to."

Mom resisted, but Debbie insisted. Eddie laughed, "You haven't got a chance, Mom."

The jig-saw puzzle fits

Debbie, swimming in one of Mom's big aprons, attacked the stacks of dishes. The sisters formed an (*Continued on page 64*)

"thy fair hair my heart enchained"



Lovely as a poem is your hair...when it's

trained with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls . . . trains as it holds your wave

Who knows what inspires a man to write poetry about a woman's hair? But this we do know. You'll find a compelling kind of magic in new Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It alone contains the exclusive "control" ingredient that actually *trains* your hair. Use SPRAY NET to set longer-lasting pincurls. Use it to hold your wave. Gradually, excitingly, your hair gets the *habit* of curling . . . your hairdo remembers its place from shampoo to shampoo. Stiff? Sticky? Never! Your hair stays soft as a whispered sonnet, trained to softest perfection.



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"IT TAKES MUSCLES" SAYS KIRK DOUGLAS



Looks like a nice romantic clinch?



Well, it's not that much of a cinch. Kirk had to land Susan right on the mat—after a double-triple flip over his head.

■ Don't tell Kirk Douglas that making a romantic comedy is easy. That's what he thought—before he began *Top Secret Affair* with Susan Hayward at WARNERS.

Douglas, who did some vigorous boxing in *Champion*, drove a racing car expertly in *The Racers* and fearlessly battled Indians in *The Indian Fighter*, was certain he wouldn't be called on to display his athletic prowess in *Top Secret Affair*, a comedy with a New York and Washington setting.

A partial listing of Douglas' activities in the film proves how wrong he was.

● During the first week of production he was required to do thirty consecutive pushups. Since the scene was photographed several times from different angles, Douglas executed a few hundred pushups.

● Another day was spent balancing on a bongo board.

● The same evening he had to plunge into a pool to rescue Miss Hayward.

● In another lively sequence he had to throw the beautiful redhead into the air while imparting the art of judo to her.

● Douglas does a vigorous samba with Susan and ends up crashing into a table.

Douglas wonders whether acting in a comedy written by a non-athletic writer might be less strenuous. The picture was written by Allan Scott, winner of the 200-meter event in the 1932 Olympic Games!

how debbie won her mother-in-law's love

(*Continued from page 62*) assembly line to dry. He wanted to go out to the kitchen, hug his girl and tell her how much he—and all of them—loved her. He tried it once but was shooed back to the men. He played pinochle, kibitzed with his sisters' kids but his ear was cocked to the woman-talk coming from the kitchen: clothes, dates, babies; Deb wanted Mom's recipe for the lima bean soup.

He was proud and happy. His girl fitted in, warm and snug like the right piece in the jig-saw puzzle of The Family. They wouldn't hold her being an actress against her. How could they when, before anything, she was a warm, loving, outgoing gal! What a lucky guy he was!

In the kitchen, Debbie and Eileen were comparing notes. "Who shall I get to date you when you visit us in Hollywood?" Deb was asking Eileen. "I'll find you someone nice like your brother. Not that I think there are two of them!"

When the dishes were done and put away, Eileen took Debbie up to her room to freshen up. For the first time, she had Debbie all to herself, up there in the room where she had dreamed about her so often. If anyone had told her that one day her favorite movie star would be brushing her brown curls at Eileen's dressing table, she would have said: "You're crazy!"

And yet the glow that she felt was not from having a star there. She had to remind herself that this girl her brother loved *was* a star. Dressed simply in a skirt and sweater with her hair pulled back the way Eddie loved it, she seemed like one of Eileen's pals. And she even talked like them—girl-talk about clothes and dates and school and back to clothes.

When they talked school, Eileen, almost before she realized it, found herself admitting that she had flunked geometry. It was a thorn in her side and usually she couldn't talk about it. But here she was telling Debbie, "I have to take the regents over too."

"Don't worry about it," Debbie answered. "I flunked myself—I was never good at it. Confidentially, at sixteen, it doesn't matter much if you repeat. The main thing is not to worry about it and you'll find yourself breezing through it this time."

Eileen agreed that this was the way to go at it. She felt warm and comforted. It was going to be wonderful having Debbie for a sister.

"I want to make a toast"

The wedding was planned for June but it didn't take place till September. Through all the bad time with the papers screaming about a broken engagement and half the world asking the other half *Will they ever make up?*—Mom maintained stoutly that all was well with them. True, Mom wasn't half so sure as she sounded.

And now her heart would be broken if Sonny *didn't* marry the movie star!

It was a fine wedding. Mom held her new daughter close and gave her the advice she gave to all her girls: "Give a little, take a little and you'll have a happy life." And Deb promised breathlessly, "Oh I will, Mom, I will!" . . .

It was April. They were coming home for Passover, for the first holiday Seder.

In their own home, Eddie and Debbie celebrated all the holidays—his and hers. At Christmas they had a tree, but they also had a Menorah for Chanukah with more candles burning each night till all were lit. When they had children, they thought, the kids would be taught the principles of both religions and be allowed to choose their own. Or perhaps they would keep the holy days of both and learn love and tolerance where they are best learned—in their own home.

Debbie listened to the Seder ceremony and prayers with interest. On the table, the Seder dish was set with the foods commemorating the day—the bitter herbs, the roasted egg, the mixture of apples, nuts and cinnamon—everything was a symbol. The family read the Haggadah recounting the Jews' deliverance from Egyptian slavery and the Seder ended with prayers and thanksgiving.

When the long ceremony was over, Eddie went to the kitchen and brought out a bottle of champagne. "I want to make a toast," he said, "a toast to our son who will be born in November!"

And they were all talking at once—kissing Debbie and pounding Eddie on the back.

Mom dabbed at her eyes and thought what a silly woman she had been ever to have worried about these two.

A bracelet from 'Bubba'

The "son in November" turned out to be a daughter in October. A few hours after Carrie Frances Fisher arrived, Ed called Mom from Deb's hospital room and reported, "She's beautiful—looks just like her mother."

But Debbie wouldn't let that stand. Worn as she was, she took the 'phone to say, "Don't you believe it, Mom. She's beautiful and she's the picture of Eddie—she's got a lot of black fuzz on her head."

"And a button of a nose like her mother," put in Ed.

"Kiss her for me," said Mom. "I'm sending her a bracelet. Can I inscribe it *Love, Bubba?* Or shall I say *Grandmother?*"

"Say *Bubba,*" Ed told her. "You'll be Bubba to her."

"I can't wait to hold her! Take care of them both, Sonny."

Mom realized that Sonny was not quite the proper name for him now that he was a father. But the Fishers couldn't get used to *Eddie* either. Mom tried "the baby's father" once or twice but when they had to stop and think who she meant, they laughed, gave up and went back to Sonny again.

He called often during the next two weeks to assure Bubba that Carrie Frances was the most beautiful child ever born and he sent on a picture of her, aged one day, to prove it. Mom called Deb at the hospital every day or so to see how she felt. She was a happy and devoted mother, dedicated to doing the very best for Carrie Frances. "What's best for her is best for me," she told Mom.

Then one evening, Eddie called and told her, "Hold on for a minute, Mom, our daughter wants to sing for you."

"Yahh-yahhhh," sang Carrie Frances.

When Mom hung up, her eyes were gleaming. She'd rather be Bubba, an old grandmother, than anything else in the world. Now if only Eddie's brother, Bunny, the last bachelor in the family, could find a girl and settle down—a nice, home girl like Debbie Fisher—! **END**

Debbie and Eddie can currently be seen in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Debbie will soon be seen in MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante *and U-I's* Tammy.

how marlon brando saved me

(*Continued from page 57*) finish to the whole messy business. I had sleeping pills at my place, plenty of them. Then Marlon looked up and saw me. It took quite a look, too, to plow its way through the smoke and past those girls and across the room, especially considering that he was playing the piano with two fingers all the while. But he saw me. The piano slowed down and he stood up slowly and edged his way off the bench. The next second he was standing in front of me, holding out a cigarette. "You look like you need one," he said.

I took the cigarette without a word. When I tried to light it I saw my hands were shaking. Marlon saw, too. He jerked his head to the side. "C'mon in here," he said. He reached out and shoved a door open. I followed him into a little room, and when he turned on the light I saw there was no furniture, just a pile of mattresses along one side wall. Marlon yanked one down and threw himself down on it. "Sit down," he said. "Relax. No one's coming in here."

I sat down. Finally I found my voice. "They'll all be hollering for you," I said. "Don't you want to go on out?"

"Ah, them," Marlon said. He shrugged. "What do they need me for? They're happy." He studied me for a minute. "But you—" he went on. "You could use a friend."

Trouble to spare

Oh, man, was he right. Mind you, we hadn't been introduced. He didn't know my name—he didn't even know what I was doing at his party. But he didn't care. I was there, and I looked miserable. That was enough for him.

I tried a smile. "Listen," I said, "if you're looking for misery, I got it. Enough and to spare. Take all you want."

Marlon shook his head. "Don't make a joke out of it," he said.

He leaned forward and looked at me. "I suppose everyone's been telling you to cheer up and act happy," he said.

Surprised, I nodded.

"Well, listen to me," he said softly. "Forget that advice. I don't know what's eating you, but you're feeling it deep. That's good, not bad. That's what we're here for—to feel things. You got something big—don't fight it. Take it and live through it and make something good out of it. It's the only way."

I sat there on the mattress and stared at him. In that crazy minute I began to feel better—just like that. Not only because of what he said, though I found out for myself that that was true enough, but because somebody bothered to say it to me. Because a guy named Brando, with the world at his feet, wanted to be my friend. I grinned at him. "I'm Johnny Smith," I said.

Brando stuck out his hand. "Marlon Brando," he said. "Though I suppose you know."

"What's the matter? Don't you like being known?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "Most of the time. But when I'm in my own house—it would be nice not to have to bother. Never mind. Let's get back out there."

Open house

I spent the rest of the evening in a kind of daze. Marlon pulled me around like a pet toy. I met everybody, I ate everything, I had a beer shoved in my hand every ten minutes. I even got to talk to the girls on the fringe of the jam around Marlon. I won't say I exactly forgot being out of a job and jilted besides, but I felt enough better not to notice what

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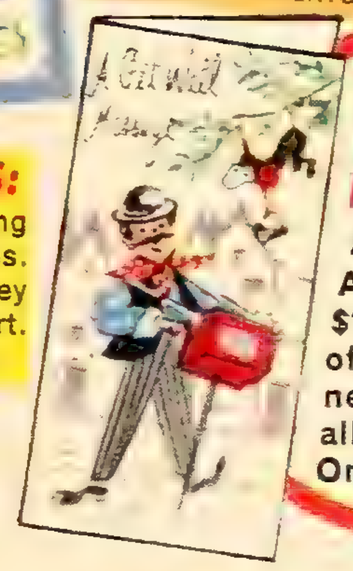
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WHEN MY DAUGHTER PIER FACED DEATH

■ Pier was alone, but she wasn't afraid.

Vic had to finish a nightclub engagement in New York, and I was leaving for South America with my other daughter, Marisa Pavan. I was worried—but Pier told me I was being silly and that she felt fine. "By the time you get back," she laughed, "you're going to be a grandmother all over again!"

I phoned Pier from the airport just before the plane was going to take off.

"Are you sure," I said, "that you don't want me to stay with you?"

"Oh Mom, will you *please* stop worrying!" my daughter answered. "I'm OK and Vic will be here tomorrow. The way you fret, you'd imagine there was some danger. Remember, this isn't the first time I've had a baby! I'm a grown woman now." Yet as Marisa and I flew south, I couldn't think of Pier as a woman. She has always been my little one, my *bambina*. I knew she was receiving the best of care. I knew my son-in-law would soon be at her bedside, but I couldn't help it: I was frightened. And I prayed. It was only a few hours after we landed that Marisa and I received the news. Pier had lost the baby. And she had lived for it!

Marisa and I took the first plane back to Los Angeles. When we arrived, Vic was already there. "Oh, my darling, I'm so sorry!" sobbed Pier.

"Please, honey, please . . ." was all that Vic could say. Then, after a moment, he added, "It's all my fault. I should have been here. I never should have gone to New York. You were alone, and—" His voice trailed off.

Of course, it wasn't Vic's fault at all, and in a way Pier hadn't been alone. Not really. In her heart, Vic had always been with her. I know.

The doctors explained that Pier's airplane accident months before made motherhood extremely hazardous. In fact they warned her not to have a baby—but my daughter was willing to risk it. That's how much she wanted another child.

I know that Pier and Vic have courage. But more important, they have faith—both in themselves and in the future. I'm sure their marriage will be as happy as ever, even after what has happened. But only time will erase the memory of that tragic night when fate robbed Pier of every woman's dream to have her baby.

Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli

Pier Angeli will soon be seen in MGM's motion picture, The Vintage.

time it was till all of a sudden the party thinned out by half and Marlon dropped down on the studio couch near me and said, "It's almost five in the morning, you know?"

"I sure didn't!" I said. "I got to get home."

"Stay the night if you want to."

"Oh, no—I wouldn't do that. You don't have room."

Marlon started to laugh. "Take a look."

I swiveled my head around, and my jaw dropped. Two boys were emerging from the little side room, dragging a mattress. When they got clear of the door another guy headed in. "Who are they?" I asked. "Your roommates?"

"Nah. One of them, the guy that just went in, he's an actor—you met him. Hasn't had a job in nearly six months and he got thrown out of his place. So he's staying here for a while. The other two guys live in Jersey—it's too late for them to go home. I don't know who else is staying—probably half a dozen. I never throw a party without finding half of the guys sleeping on the floor the next morning."

At this point the front door opened, and a girl walked into the apartment—with a child in her arms. She glanced around the room, smiled briefly and said, " 'Allo, Marlon." Then she walked through the living room and disappeared into the back of the apartment. I heard a door shut.

Marlon turned to me. "That's Louise," he said. "She lives here."

"She does?" I was slightly shocked.

"Almost two months now."

I tried to be delicate. "Is she—uh—your finacée?"

Marlon looked horrified. "Louise? Good Lord, no. I wouldn't have a girl friend of mine living here." He grinned. "You think I'm some crazy Bohemian? No, Louise just got divorced and she didn't have anywhere to take her kid—the little boy she was holding. He's around six. Nice kid. So I told her she could have the bedroom till she gets settled. It's rough on her."

I stared at him. "Where did you find her?"

"I don't know. Ran into her somewhere."

"And she looked unhappy," I said, "so you took her in."

Marlon looked thoughtful. "Yeah," he said finally. "I guess you could say that."

"I guess you could," I said.

Glad to be wrong

I didn't stay there that night. I only lived a block and a half away—which gives you an idea of what kind of neighborhood it was. Marlon's apartment was in a tenement building over a delicatessen, and you climbed up narrow, smelly stairs to get to his place. But that's where he lived before he got famous, and that's where he stayed. He liked the place.

I went home and stared at the bottle of sleeping pills for ten minutes. I thought, I never dreamed I'd get this bad hurt over anything. I used to figure I wasn't set up for a big romance. I was wrong. And then to my surprise I thought, I'm glad I was wrong. And then—I wonder if Brando would mind if I gave him a ring in the morning and told him he was right.

I figured he wouldn't mind. I flushed the whole bottle of pills down the toilet and went to sleep. Just like that.

Two nights later, I was sound asleep—it must have been about two—when Brando parked himself under my window and started hollering. "He-ey John! Johnny! Hey Johnny—"

I got out of bed in one jump and stuck my head out the window. A year later when I saw the opening scenes of *Waterfront*, it wasn't new to me. We'd played it in real life a dozen times. "Wadda ye want?" I hollered down.

Marlon grinned up at me. "I thought maybe you couldn't sleep. Figured you might want to take in a movie."

I got dressed and went. We walked over to an all-night movie.

On the way over we passed a woman standing near the ticket booth who had frozen the minute she saw Marlon. When we were ready to go in she was still standing there, her hand half closed around a package and her mouth half open with a cigarette dangling from it, staring at Marlon. As we went past, Marlon pulled a lighter out of his jeans, flicked it, and held the flame up to the cigarette. Not taking her eyes off him for a second, the woman inhaled and the cigarette caught. "You're welcome," Marlon said politely. He flicked the lighter and I followed him out the door.

"You," I said, "are nuts."

"Always have been," he said sadly. "But now instead of calling the police, they let me get away with it."

We sat in the movie towards the back. It was a good picture. I turned around in the middle to tell Marlon that I was glad he made me come, but I couldn't. He was sound asleep.

Marlon never advised

I saw quite a bit of him after that. I had a lot of time on my hands while I was job hunting. His roommate Sam Gilman was a great guy, and Wally Cox was usually around the apartment somewhere, so we always had a lot of laughs and a good time. Nights Marlon would drop over to my place—after a holler or two to be sure I was up—and we'd gab.

Sometimes it was the other way 'round. I'd wake up in the middle of the night with that sick feeling in the pit of my stomach that meant I was scared and lonesome—I'd lie there remembering that I had no girl and no money and I didn't much care whether tomorrow came or not. I'd remember the night I wanted to kill myself—and how Brando had made me think differently. Then I'd be the one to walk to Marlon's (*Continued on page 68*)

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Tony Curtis says 'thank you' to George T. Delacorte Jr., publisher of MODERN SCREEN, *who has just wished Tony and his wife Janet Leigh congratulations on their new baby girl.*



Old friends at MODERN SCREEN'S *party include: Chele Graham, Nita Talbott, Tony Curtis, Joyce Holden—who's on Disney's* TV Mickey Mouse Club—*Rae Allen and Norma Moore. Norma is asking Tony about his newest film,* Sweet Smell Of Success.

"Hello Tony . . . will you come to our party?"

■ And he did. At about 7:15 that evening Tony Curtis and his wife, Janet Leigh, came through the glass doors of the RAINBOW GRILL, a private club in New York City's Rockefeller Center. As a publicity man for MODERN SCREEN I get a chance to meet many stars of motion pictures, TV and the New York stage. But I'm thrilled each time—they're warm people, with big smiles and big hearts.

I met Tony and Janet at the door and introduced myself as the fellow who invited them to the party. We chatted a while with a pretty blonde girl who turned out to be Lee Remick. Lee was so excited about her role in Elia Kazan's *A Face In The Crowd.* Then, while Tony and Janet talked to George Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN, we got ourselves introduced to Maureen Arthur of Ernie Kovacks' *Tonight* show.

And then it was time to say *good night* and a wonderful party was over.

Gene Pavey

how marlon brando saved me

(*Continued from page 66*) place. I couldn't do that with my other friends; they told me to cheer up, and even when I felt like walking death, I had to put on an act for them. Marlon never told me to act happy. Sometimes he didn't say a word. What he said was good, but it wasn't his advice I wanted. It was his listening. He listened with his eyes. They didn't miss a thing. And they had all the sympathy and understanding in the world in them. They let you know that he'd been through it too and knew how it felt. They let you know he was feeling it with you now. That's what I call being a friend.

An embarrassing situation

Then I didn't see him for a while; he was out on the road. He and Wally and some other guys had formed a package deal to sell to summer stock companies. Marlon was pulling down thousands in Hollywood, but working that summer for $125 per week. He needed that dough like a hole in the head, and I figured he was in on the deal because otherwise they couldn't have sold it. Wally hadn't hit the big time yet, and their only selling point was having Brando in the crew. He never admitted it, but I knew that was why he went.

When he got back, naturally he threw a party to celebrate. I brought a guy I knew, a young actor who said he'd like to meet Brando, and we went stag together. It turned out to be quite a party. I introduced my friend Steve to Marlon, and to my surprise Steve acted like he wasn't interested in meeting him in the slightest. Not that I expected him to fawn over Marlon, but Steve had said he wanted to talk to him, and I thought he meant it. Marlon didn't notice, just said "*hi*," and dragged us off to meet someone else. We talked for a while, and Steve kept glancing at Marlon and drinking too much and not talking to anyone. Then Marlon disappeared and Steve turned to me. "Big shot movie shtar," he muttered. "Who's he think he ish?"

"You drunk?" I asked, unnecessarily.

"No, just mad," Steve said. "I walk the streets, months. I don't get a job, he's got producersh falling all over him—for what?"

"He's good," I said.

"Fooey. No better'n me. Or a dozen others. No better'n—"

"Hey, look," I said.

Marlon had plunked himself down in the middle of the floor with a jar between his legs. I gave Steve a yank and dragged him with me over to Brando. I was scared to leave Steve alone; one of Marlon's pals might have socked him if he shot off his mouth any louder. "What's that?" I asked.

"Skippy peanut butter jar," Marlon grinned. "You never heard anything like it." He poured half a glass of water into the jar, balanced it carefully, fit a cover onto it, and began to drum on it with his fingers. It made a clear, sharp tone.

"Whassa matter," Steve muttered in my ear, "can't he afford a drum?"

"Shut up," I said.

Marlon was tipping the jar carefully from side to side as he tapped it with his fingers. With every change in the water level the tone changed. The rhythm got faster and more complicated. I don't say it would exactly replace Gene Krupa, but it was exciting. Someone started clapping in time, and my foot started tapping, too. It was building up to a real jam session—on a peanut butter jar. "Great, isn't it?" I said to Steve, still mad at the wor

"Ah, the heck with it," Steve sa "Everybody acting like he's some kind king or something." His voice rose. "So actor. Gets a break and makes like a sl and all of a sudden he's big stuff. Y know what I think of him? I think h lousy. That's right. LOUSY!"

"Shut up, you idiot!" I said. But it w too late. Steve pushed passed me into t cleared space where Marlon was st pinging away. "You!" Steve said. "Y stink. Hear that? You—"

Marlon takes it

The tapping and clapping came to dead stop. In the silence Steve sound louder than a cannon going off. "I'm good as you, you bum. You listening me? Go out to Hollywood and get a lot dopes to call you good, see? Boy, I cou act you under the table."

Marlon stopped drumming. His fa clouded over. Oh, Lord, I thought. Th is going to be a brawl. "Steve—" I sa

He whirled on me. "Keep out. I got few things to say to this here—" and th as he flung his arm out, pointing back Marlon, the glass in his hand hit a tab and smashed to pieces. The next insta Steve was staring down at his drench clothes—and blood was flowing from h hand where the glass had cut him. B before I could get to him, Marlon w there. He had his handkerchief out. "Her fella," he said "Gimme that hand."

"Lay off," Steve muttered. "All yo fault. Told you you were no good—"

"Sure," Marlon said. "You're right, a solutely right. Gimme the hand. That's Now hold still while I get this on tigh That's it. That's fine. You're doing fine

"Fine. . ." Steve muttered. His face w white and he looked dazed. "Go 'wa Bum, that's what . . ."

Marlon straightened up. "I think that hold," he said. "Come on, pal, I'm gon get you some coffee."

All the way to the kitchen we hea Steve calling him a bum—and a numb of other things as well. Marlon didn't co out for half an hour. Then he called m over. "I think you better get him hom Johnny. He's pretty shaky. I'd let hi bunk here for the night only—" H grinned—"I don't think he wants to."

I was too embarrassed to do muc "Thanks, friend," I said. I collected Ste and got him out as best I could, and le him at his place in the hands of his roo mates. Then I went home to bed and p a pillow over my head.

A dream?

The next morning the phone rang. I picked it up and it was Steve. "Johnny he said, "tell me it was all a dream. I didn't—did I?"

"You did, brother," I said.

"Oh, my God," Steve said. "What g into me? I never laid eyes on the gu before in my life. I'm going to go find a hole and crawl in."

"Sounds like a logical idea," I said.

"Oh, don't," he groaned. "Help m What do I do now? Apologize? What's t phone number."

"Don't call," I said. "Go over."

"Johnny—would you come with me—b any chance? I hate to ask you, but if he throws me down the stairs I'll need some one to carry me home." So I went.

We climbed the two flights of stairs wi Steve looking like he was walking the la mile, his bandaged hand flopping at h side. I knocked. Marlon opened it. H had a towel wrapped around his wais and I guess he'd been cleaning up la night's mess. "Hi," he said cheerfully. I started to open my mouth, but Ste spoke first.

"Listen," he said. "I came to apologiz I got drunk and made a fool of myself. I

don't remember much of what I said, but I didn't mean it, whatever it was." He paused for breath.

"Oh, forget it," Marlon said.

"Look, you don't have to be nice about it," Steve said. "I'm not a wounded hero anymore. The only thing I can say is I haven't had even an audition in eight months, and I'm getting sour and jealous. That's no excuse. So—"

"Oh, drop it," Marlon said. "You should see me on an off-day; how's the hand? Want to come in?"

So we went in and helped around. We had a nice morning. At lunch—raw hamburger, onion, and ginger-ale—I got a chance to tell Marlon that things were going pretty good for me now. He nodded. "I can tell," he said. "You look it."

I wanted to tell him that he had actually saved my life; that if it hadn't been for him and the things he had said to me that night a few years back, the sleeping pills wouldn't have gone down the drain—that I'd have swallowed them. But looking at him—I couldn't. I figured he knew.

We meet again

That was the last time I saw him for a long, long time. He was in New York for a week or two more, but I didn't hear from him. He probably was helping some other lame duck over a stile by then. Then he went back to Hollywood.

Two years later, I got married. We decided to keep my old apartment and fix it up, and one Sunday morning, a couple of weeks after we got married, we walked over to the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen for breakfast. On the way, I heard a shout. "Hey, Johnny!" and Brando came dashing across the street. The same Marlon, blue jeans and T-shirt slightly cleaner. He pounded me on the back and then turned to Anna, my wife, who was standing stock-still with her mouth open, staring. Marlon grinned at her, and put his hand on her arm. I introduced them, and told him where we were going. "Can I walk you over?" he asked Anna. "Of course," she said: "We'd be pleased."

Marlon grinned at me. "See?" he said. "I told you it was worth it to suffer a while. You come out better in the end." He hadn't forgotten.

He told us he wasn't in town for long. "Just a week," he said. "Then I got to get back to the coast. I got to make a stinker. Boy, how I dread it."

"Why are you doing it?" Anna asked.

"I'll tell you," he said slowly. "My mother just died, see? And before she went she asked me to try to be nice to people. She'd been reading all the junk they print in the papers about me. Well, I suppose some of it's true. Anyway, I figure the people who are maddest at me now are all at the studio and the only thing I can do for them is make this thing. So I'll do it. It won't kill me. And it would make Mom a kick."

"Still picking up the pieces," I said, not laughing.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess I got a lifetime of that."

He walked us to the deli and then said good-by—he was off somewhere, to see someone. When he had gone, loping down the street, hardly noticing all the people who stopped to stare at him, Anna turned to me. "He reminds me of something in the Bible," she said. "A quote. Something like—'a man of sorrows, aquainted with grief.' You know?"

I know. I think she was pretty right.

END

Marlon Brando can currently be seen in M-G-M's Teahouse Of The August Moon. *He'll soon be seen in the Warner Bros. film* Desirée.



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So poised, so sure of yourself and of admiring glances! That's you in Festival, the pretty, pretty bra that has a wafer-thin under-cup lining to firm your high natural line. And such a happy day-long choice, with that elastic pyramid between the cups to do away with even the possibility of binding. Try Festival today—and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

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look naturally lovely in any light...day or night



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NEW HIGH FIDELITY SKIN TONES NEVER BEFORE POSSIBLE

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Any light is flattering with Hi-Fi. Glaring lights of color TV made existing make-ups appear harsh, unflattering. So the great networks called on Max Factor. From his research, he developed an exclusive new color principle, creating a make-up that stayed smooth and radiant under the most glaring light. From this same color principle, Max Factor created this wonderful new make-up for you. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

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Please send me my shade in the special "Try Size" Hi-Fi F ui
Make-Up. I enclose 25¢. My natural skin tone is (check o e

☐ Fair Tone (fair) ☐ Tempting Tone (natural) ☐ Blush Tone (med. rose) ☐ Candle (mediu on

☐ Gay Tone (deep natural) ☐ Sun Tone (tan) ☐ Bronze Tone (deep tan)

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Home Perms are fun—
Long on glamour, short on cost

IT'S EASY TO MAKE YOUR OWN CURLS

Don't envy the girl who is always ready for that unexpected date with her hair groomed and curled and set as though she had just left her week's savings in a beauty parlor. Her secret—it could be well cared for naturally curled hair. But, nine times out of ten she is the gal that gives herself regular home perms and special hair care. Girls with straight, straggly hair are not unfortunate. They are just lazy and careless.

Today any gal can have curls—and not just any kind of curls, but the very kind she wants for her particular hair-do—in a matter of minutes with any one of the miraculous new home perms. Success in giving yourself a home perm depends on following the instructions very carefully. They are not difficult but they do require a little thought and study. There are several methods of giving yourself a home perm—all are easy to use. Try several different home perms, choose the one that gives you the kind of curls most suited to your particular hair style. All of the home perms will delight you. The most important news about giving yourself a home perm is that the job is now easier, faster and more successful. Thanks to the never tiring efforts of the manufacturers you can feel sure that (*Continued on page 78*)

SNEAK PREVIEW OF NEW THINGS FOR YOU Is a New and Exclusive Modern Screen Feature
see page 77



Softly curled hair is essential to Debbie's hair-do as it is to all the newest Spring styles.

SPRING BRAS PROMISE NEW FIGURE BEAUTY



The fabulous moulded Sweater Bra. Lovable

All photos by Roger Prigent



Deep plunge padded lace. Hollywood-Maxwell



New figure beauty at a thrifty one-fifty.



Front-zip, girdle-length back, six-way full length new Pre-Lude. Maidenform

OPPOSITE PAGE, FAR LEFT: Nylon lace fashions this Whirlpool bra with glamour features galore. The bra cups are padded and the lace on them is under-lined with satin. The bra has a dainty lace edging. It is called Her Secret—make it yours, too. White, mauve pink, hyacinth blue or peachbloom. $5.95. By Hollywood V-ette. Slip, Florell. The sweet music—Traveler's new Porta-Console radio. Honeybugs slippers. Chaise, Gallo. LEFT, TOP: Here is a bra to wear with sweaters. Called Seam-Free Sweater Bra—it promises smoothness for the bra cups are lined with foam and covered with Helenca knit. Pink, blue, black, or white broadcloth. A love of a bra you'll love. $1.50. By Lovable. Use new Wool-N-Wash for your sweaters —gives new beauty and brightness. LEFT, BOTTOM: New circular stitched wonder bra called Cymbal for the budget minded gal. White broadcloth. $1.50. By Maidenform. THIS PAGE. ABOVE: This Pre-Lude Once-Over bra is one you must own. It is of white embroidered nylon marquisette panelled with Leno elastic. The cups, lined with thin foam rubber, give a grand figure. It features the famous six-way straps. White only. $16.50. By Maidenform. Pearls by Duchess—bridal bouquet, Irene Hayes of N.Y.

MORE ➤



New Mold'N Hold zippered Playtex girdle



Gossard's new front-hook bra, Sta-lo back

NEW GIRDLES THAT COMPLETE THAT GLAMOUR LOOK

FAR LEFT: Zip down your figure profile with the new Playtex Mold 'N Hold boneless, seamless girdle of lace patterned Fabricon. Invisible finger panels flatten the back and stomach. Special modelling nips the waist. A wonder-slide zipper means easy on and off. Washes in a jiffy—pats dry in seconds. White or pink. $10.95. Playtex strapless bra $5.00. The fabulous jewelry which you must wear so much of this new sea-

All photos by Roger Prigent



Strapless front-hook bra—can't-ride-up girdle



Bare-Bac bra—tissuelight girdle. Pink or blue

on is by Trifari. LEFT, CENTER: oneless pull-on panty girdle of nylon et elastic with a firming front panel f embroidered nylon sheer. White. 5.95. For bare back fashions try this eautiful nylon lace (over nylon heer) bra that fastens center front! plift in front is balanced by Sta-lo ack. White, $3.50; black, $3.95. irdle and bra by Gossard. Honeybugs wedgies. Wrought iron furniire by Gallo, N. Y. The cooling drink—Orange Crush. RIGHT, CENTER: Newest Magic Oval Perma.lift Pantie. This nylon power net garment can't ride-up—Ever! Guaranteed never to bind, chafe or irritate. Pink, maize, blue, champagne, or white. $5. The Perma.lift wired strapless bra of nylon lace has the famous Magic insets for firm, lasting uplift. Bra hooks—in front! White or black. $5.95. Foil-a-Run Parisian Nude nylons by Holeproof. FAR RIGHT: Flexees makes this trim Corsees "petit-point" waistline girdle with "petit-point" nylon elastic sides, nylon satin panels, front and back. Pink, blue or white. $5.95. Flexees Figurama Slip-Loop bra. The nylon lace cups are lined with nylon marquisette—nylon power net balanced back. Pink, blue, black or white. $3.95. Honeybugs leather slippers. Whimsy golden garden tools with jewels—Rose Merry Manor, N. Y.

MORE ➤



THE RIGHT BRAS AND GIRDLES MAKE YOUR CLOTHES— AND YOU— MORE ALLURING

■ The new Silf-eez panty girdle is pre-shrunk, lightweight and all-elastic with seamless legs and detachable garters. Less expensive than other Silf Skin garments, it has the same fine workmanship. $2.95. By Silf Skin. The "Floating Action" bra is new, too. It features two-section, unstitched cups and the famous "tangent" straps. $2.50. By Exquisite Form. Slippers, Honeybugs. Peds for perfect foot protection.

Pretty undergarments and lovely clothes won't spell glamour unless *you* personally are always dainty and fresh—all the days of each and every month. The menstrual period is a very personal and delicate subject. Learn how to be at your best at all times during your monthly period. For free booklet send your name and address to Fashion & Beauty Editor, Dept. 11, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Is your hair curled and just right for your new Spring hair-do, see page 71

All-elastic panty girdle for 2.95—new type "Floating Action" bra

Roger Prigent

modern screen exclusives

1. Stripes will be the rage of the new season. This is a slipper no one can resist for smartness or price. Wearable at home and around. Washable sailcloth. $2.99. By Honeybugs.

2. Washable cotton knit separates new as Spring with dominant stripe accent. The one-piece top looks like two. Navy, black, rose, all with white. $4.98. Slim skirt $5.98. By Smartee.

Look for these exciting new items at your favorite stores.



1



2

Sneak preview of new things for you



3



4

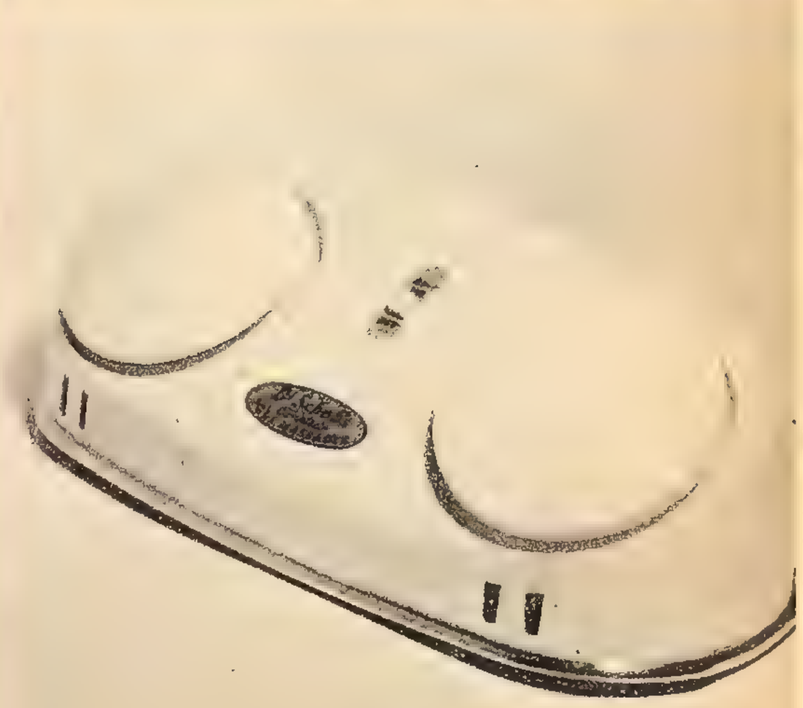


5

3. Something brand new—a beauty and deodorant soap—and at an ordinary soap price. New Woodbury soap with antiseptic XL-7 actually ends odor worries, helps prevent skin blemishes.

4. Long stockings are news for wear with Bermuda shorts as well as with skirts. Of Helenca stretch nylon yarn—they stay up without garters, of course. Designed by Greta Plattry for Bonnie Doon. $1.65. Capezio softie shoes.

5. The newest gift in town for that guy in your life. Give him the new slim wallet with regimental striped lining. There are hidden key holders, too. $3.95 up. By Rolfs.



6



7



8

6. Treat for your feet—new double electric foot massager. The vibrator caps are placed at a 30 degree angle so the massager can be used while sitting. $16.95. by Dr. Scholl.

7. New panty girdle that is treated with Dur-A-Septic—to make it odor proof; and Lanolized for softness. Of tissue power net with Tummy Tucker panel. $5. By Lewella. Vanity Fair peignoir.

8. Your skirts will be longer this season. Leave it to Vanity Fair to hurry and make you a longer nylon and lace "pettislip" to keep your lingerie in fashion, too. White. $7.95.

it's easy to make your own curls

(*Continued from page 71*) the products you use are constantly being perfected—not only to give you more beautiful curls but also to help you complete a perfect, easy, speedy job. Frizzy perms are a thing of the past. Today permanent wave products, if directions are followed carefully, are designed to give your hair a soft, natural and beautiful wave. There are even home perms that never need re-setting. After-shampoo rinses add softness to your hair and make it more manageable, so don't overlook using them.

Before you start to give yourself a perm always be sure that your hair is in excellent condition. If you have mistreated it or neglected it—you should start a routine of hair care right now. Be sure that it has not become dry and brittle because of rushed, careless treatment or by indifferent jobs of bleaching or color rinsing. If either of these hair imperfections plague you, set about correcting them at once with regular prepared shampoos, lotions and creams—very soon your hair will be in proper condition for you to give yourself a perm. One word of caution. If your hair is in very bad condition it is suggested that you wait for a re-growth of hair before you tackle a home perm job.

Always start your home perm with a freshly shampooed head of hair—just slightly damp. Be sure that you part your hair neatly and smooth the strands. Carelessly prepared sectionings and tangled hair strands are some of the real causes of home perm failures. For a really finished and professional looking job start from the back. Curl front section last. Remember the perfection of a perm is just what you make it.

There are other things you should remember, too. Be sure and have your hair trimmed regularly and give it a great deal of between-perm care so that it will be in perfect condition when you are ready for your next perm. In between your whole head perms you may need a few little end curls re-done. And, last but most surely just as important as your perm—your hair style! The girl with naturally curly hair wouldn't look wonderful unless she had her hair properly styled and cared for. A home perm is the important beginning. It is up to you to be sure that you keep it looking at it's best all of the time.

SUGGESTED HOME PERMANENTS

PIN CURL

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DuBarry
Pin-It
New Bobbi
Pin-Quick

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(rod type)
Lilt
All New Toni
New Creamy Prom
Quick
DuBarry
Tip Toni
Tonette (for children)
Lilt Party Curl (for children)
End Curl Prom
Lilt Refresher (end curl)
Richard Hudnut End Curl
Silver Curl (for grey or white hair)

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ANITA EKBERG:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I LIKE MIKE WILDING:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE ANN BLYTH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ both their stories ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

12. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR DECEMBER

Karen Kirkwood, Kansas City, Kansas; Joan Cerkleski, Chicago, Illinois; Dorothy E. Reynolds, Watauga, Tennessee; Violet Bannon, Elwood, Indiana; Dottie Champagne, New York City; Erena La Barck, Paterson, New Jersey; Neatsa Alexander, Jackson, Michigan; Frances Petrie, East Orange, New Jersey; William Sombrotto, New York City; Mrs. Opal Bonacquisti, Rockford, Illinois.

ow to live with temptation

(Continued from page 33) "I brought my ndbag around—WHAM—right in some-dy's face!"

Tony clutched at somebody's throat and nita began scratching.

Then both saw that the molester was a en-age boy in a leather jacket.

"With fuss on his face," Anita said, that ing her Swedish pronunciation of the ord *fuzz*.

"A juvenile delinquent," shrugged Tony. said to him, 'If you were a little older, break your jaw and then this officer' there was a cop nearby—'would take you to jail.'"

Then they both rode away, amazed at e boldness of American teen-agers. In aly, where Anita is on as many covers she has been in America, the men are rdly as forward as the teen-ager was. he Italians only tried to touch her as e was passing by.

But here's a little warning to all wolves. nita considers that an insult, *not* a com-iment—and Tony can punch.

"What about the nice guys, though, that ght try to flirt with you?" I asked Anita. ood-looking movie actors?"

"Yes," nodded Tony. "What about em?"

"There aren't any I'd look at—and you ow it too darned well, darling!" ex-aimed Anita.

And as I watched them closely, I could lieve that they of all people might be le to live with their temptations. Per-ps because of a mutual jealousy they ght be able to accomplish that which so many picture people seems to be possible.

Was Anita ready yet to cement their re-ionship with a baby?

"No! I don't think I'm ready to be a ther yet." Her reply was frank and ndid as it usually is.

"When she's ready I'm all for it," Tony erjected.

"I'd rather delay it for a while," Anita d.

First, there was the problem of Tony ting well established in American mo-n pictures. He was very well known in native Britain before he knew Anita—t he hasn't had the time yet to build up same reputation here.

"I would become an American citizen if y would have me here," he said. "But s is only my third visit."

"'Visit!'" echoed Anita. "It's not a visit longer, darling. You live here—with —and don't you get that wrong!"

Lucky Tony, who captured Anita when lions of red-blooded men would have en almost anything for her, patted her nd affectionately.

"How will you work it out when you e to be apart?" I asked.

was trying to return to the temptation blem.

"Who says we'll have to be apart?" Anita t at me. "We haven't been apart yet!"

"Not even for one hour," Tony backed up.

"But there is a problem," Tony admitted. r a husband, if the wife is more suc-sful, it can create a lot of problems for , a lot of unhappiness."

"They get a terrible complex," Anita d.

"And so I would be very glad if Anita ew the whole thing up," Tony an-nced.

"What, *what!*" shrieked Anita. "Throw my career just when it's starting?"

"And let me take care of you. Then you uldn't have to do anything," Tony mur-red.

"I've been waiting for you to say that," ta smiled. "But I'm not ready for that



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New Jergens Deep Cleanser deep cleans your skin—searches out clogging dirt and make-up . . . to reveal the clean, clear sparkle of your true complexion



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Special New Tablet Relieves Monthly Cramps for 3 out of 4 in Tests!



Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

If you dread those "difficult days" each month, listen! Science has developed a special new tablet to relieve pain, cramps, and tense feelings of monthly periods! It contains a unique *combination* of medicines—including blood-building iron. Thus offers *more relief* than plain aspirin!

In doctors' tests painful distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn't suffer even on the *first* day! They also escaped much of the jitters and unhappy tension so common as you approach that trying time of month.

So don't suffer needlessly. Ask for "Lydia Pinkham Tablets" at drug stores. No prescription needed. See if they don't help you feel worlds better—both before and during your period!

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now. For now I've got show business in my blood!" There was a flash of excitement on her face as she said it.

"But what about your own temptations?" I asked Tony. "These wolfish babes with wealth who would like to steal you away from Anita and make life easy for you?

"I happen to know that a few of these rather tempting morsels have had their eye on you," I added. "Wonderful-looking girls, too."

"Yes, what about them?" Anita flung across the table at her husband.

Tony lit a cigaret casually and addressed his answer to me.

"I don't even notice any wonderful-looking girls but my wife since I'm married," he said. "I'm conscious, of course, that there are some."

"*You are!*" snapped Anita.

"Just happen to be," he laughed. "But they mean nothing, of course."

And Anita, who in her pre-honeymoon days flitted from man to man, evidently never satisfied fully with any of them, showed with a possessive little smile that she was very, very glad that he'd said it that way.

"Isn't he cute!" she said, with a sigh.

Cute is hardly the word for Tony. Anita herself says their romance was quite tempestuous. One would expect it to continue that way, with temptation piled upon temptation. Anita, acclaimed by some experts to be one of the great sex-bombs of this generation, maintains that he captivated her before he'd ever met her, when her name was already known around the world, merely by projecting his own sex appeal across a television screen.

Watching a program in London, Anita saw Tony, and gasped out to some friends, "That's the most attractive man I've seen in a long time."

A few nights later, she attended a party and . . .

"In walked Tony Steel!" remembers Anita.

"That night we closed up every bar in London. We walked two miles at least. I was so tired, I was holding my shoes in my hands as we walked out of the last club. I was tired from so much dancing. He's such a wonderful dancer.

"We walked to his place. It was light and his housekeeper was already there.

"I had breakfast there and we talked and talked."

Tony fell just as hard for her.

Anita was busy emoting in *Back From Eternity*. Happily, she found him always sitting at the studio, in her dressing room, on the sidelines, or in the pub across the street, waiting for her to finish work.

"Just to make sure we didn't lose any time," she says.

It wasn't entirely his build, declares Anita, who has been called *The Build* herself.

"It was his eyes and his smile. Plus the fact that when he opened his mouth, he said something. Some of these beautiful men are such *bores!*

"When he looked at me, he had something in his eyes!"

And so Tony became her *No. 1 Tempta-*

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WHEN DIETRICH FLUNG THE GLOVES



■ Last August 15th the story brok in the gossip columns that Marlen Dietrich had tossed her gloves in th face of a sixteen-year-old actress at press party in Rome. Marlene and th young actress, Natalie Trundy, had jus finished making *The Monte Carlo Stor* on the Riviera and in Rome.

Under the freckles, there is still pink flush when Natalie talks of the in cident. But for the first time, she di give her version of what happened t MODERN SCREEN. According to Natali "I don't know why, but she didn't see to like me. At the beginning of the pi ture I would say *Good morning* an never got an answer—so I gave up. The one day I had to play an emotiona scene with Miss Dietrich. Vittorio d Sica called her over to introduce us. Sh said, "Oh, yes, I've seen you around.

"Later, when we got to Rome, ther was a party for the Italian press. Th photographers wanted a picture of u together. She came over, but instead o posing, she threw her beige kid glove at me!"

So what happened then? Natali who has great natural poise for her six teen years, recalls, "I am ashamed t say it, but I just went away and cried That's about it, except for all the storie that were printed in the Italian pres and then over here.

"I did not," wails Natalie, "call he a cold fish, nor did my mother. An mother did *not* say Miss Dietrich shoul get out of the movies and grow ol gracefully. The incident was ba enough, but worst of all, I hated thos stories."

If it had been two men, it might hav been settled with an old-fashioned duel As it is, that's all Natalie claims t know about why she had the gloves flun into her face. Maybe some day Marlen will give *her* version of the intriguin event.

on, and while you're supposed to resist emptation, Anita found Tony irresistible.

"Clark Gable, back when he was a achelor, didn't do anything to me, and nost of the others didn't either," she says. But Tony was for me.

"I didn't go out with anybody else. I idn't think of anybody else. I wasn't ware of anybody else.

"We'd run into somebody and have a dis-ussion. Days later I'd see the people e'd been with and they'd say, 'Remember hen we were talking the other night?'

"I'd say 'What other night? I don't re-nember it.'

"I didn't, either. I was on a cloud."

Probably it was about this time that nita learned Tony could fight, and pretty apably, too. And he has a couple of roken fingers that he got in a slugfest Africa to prove it. He was in Kenya the time, making *The Ivory Hunter.* he Mau Mau riots and murders were on nd everybody was tense. A man in a ar remarked to Tony, "I've been told ou're an actor."

"That's correct," replied Tony.

"You should be out there fighting the Iau Mau," the man said. "Instead of act-ng."

Though Tony got indignant, he didn't ay anything. It just so happens that he'd een a parachutist, in the British Grena-ier Guards from 1939 to 1945, serving in frica.

"I just crawled in," he said, but the an in the bar got more and more insult-ng. Tony finally said, "Why don't we step utside?"

"I didn't know how much of a gang he ight have with him," Tony said, recount-ng it. "I took no chances." As soon as ey got outdoors, Tony threw a punch that nocked the man down. "He wasn't very uch opposition," Tony said. "But I was so mad that I kept banging away like that until I broke my two little fingers. You can see how my fingers are still broken even now."

And Tony held out his hands to show me how he had broken his pinkies walloping somebody.

"That's what I wanted to do with some of those fresh guys who bothered Anita in Rome and Genoa," he added, "but Anita kept making me quit!"

A major temptation of Anita's at the moment is the steady appeal to her to pose for revealing pictures.

Now that she's married and making good as an actress, Anita wants no more cheesecake, but there are always photographers pleading with her.

Public relations people will be begging, too. They'll be recalling how willingly she once posed.

"I quit as soon as I knew that I could," Anita says.

"Modeling," she adds, "is something I always hated. If I should fail as an actress, I'd rather go to work as a secretary than go back to modeling. I would rather be stone-broke than model again."

It's strange that one of the most-photographed girls in the world should be so violently opposed to modeling.

"No, it isn't so strange," Anita corrected me quickly. "Men always seem to feel that models are on the low side.

"I think that is why men make cracks about actresses. It's because some of them have been models. My father never wanted me to be a model. But when I was a little girl in Sweden, I never dreamed of being able to become an actress. A model seemed the highest I could hope for.

"Fashion modeling I don't like either," she added heatedly.

"You walk around like a dummy. How can you possibly express yourself acting like a dummy in a window?"

Out of her modeling experience came another problem that one must discuss delicately with Tony and Anita, that of the famous nude statue.

A Cuban sculptor exhibits this statue, or bust, that's supposed to be of Anita—and pictures of it have been widely printed.

And Tony Steel gets inflamed every time he thinks of it.

"I think this is one of the worst pieces of sculpture I have ever seen in my life," declares Tony angrily. "He did this statue a number of years ago and waited for Anita to become famous to display it. Evidently it was done with nothing more than some photographs which he in some way managed to get hold of back in the days when Anita needed money. I think it is a terrible thing to do, and I hope I get to meet that sculptor personally some day. I will not only tell him what I think of his work, but . . ."

Even in motion pictures, this problem of revealing pictures is with Anita.

In her film, *Zarak,* she did some scenes that were too much for the censors—although every male would have adored to see them. And it will probably always be that way as long as Anita is so beautifully healthy and so healthily beautiful.

It would appear that Anita and Tony have a lot of temptations to worry about in the months and years ahead. But this observer noticed one very good symptom.

A fan whom Anita had never met addressed her as *"Anita"* and she bristled.

"My name is *Mrs. Anthony Steel,"* she said, "and that's what I like to be called!"

END

Anita Ekberg can currently be seen in Columbia's Zarak. *She'll soon be seen in Columbia's* The Most Wanted Woman, *RKO's* Man In The Vault *and U.A.'s* Valerie.

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I almost married jimmy dean

(*Continued from page 53*) Jimmy was still in this somber mood when we left, and when we got into his car he didn't say a word. Suddenly he said, "I feel like some music." He started to sing "Roll, Roll, Roll Your Boat."

I was beginning to see Jimmy every day now and I noticed that he always wore the same clothes, a blue jacket and gray slacks. Either that or a pair of jeans. That was all he owned.

Once he spilled coffee on himself and it left a stain on the slacks. He jumped up and was so mad at himself. I couldn't understand it, because Jimmy didn't seem to give a hoot about clothes.

"It's only a pair of pants," I said, "send it to the cleaners."

"That's just it," he said. "I can't even pay the cleaners, and I wanted to go to the studio tomorrow and see about a job."

Jimmy wanted more than anything else in the world to become an actor. But he couldn't get a job. It would almost kill him when he'd go out to see the casting directors and return with nothing. He never lost confidence in himself, but he was angry because no one else shared that confidence. He would come by and see me after a fruitless interview, and he'd be in a black mood. "The director said I was too short," he once mumbled savagely. "How can you measure acting in inches? They're crazy!"

They also told him he wasn't good-looking enough, and always that he wasn't the type. Usually, when the casting heads told him this, Jimmy would get so mad he'd insult the men right back!

A charmer as well

I was doing a part in the radio version of *Junior Miss,* and Jimmy would sit in on the rehearsals and watch. One day, they needed a young man for one of the roles and Hank Garson, the director, asked me if my boy friend could handle it. "Of course," I said happily.

I introduced Jimmy to Mr. Garson. "Have you ever done anything in radio?" asked the director. Any other actor, faced with such an opportunity, would have said *yes,* but not Jimmy. I think he was a little angry at the director for having let him sit around for so many weeks before offering him a job, and he wanted to show off. Anyway, Jimmy looked defiantly at Mr. Garson and said, "No." "Sorry," said the director, and walked away.

I ran after Jimmy. "Why did you say that?" I asked. "Why didn't you tell him you could do it? If you'd only been nice he'd have given you a chance."

Jimmy was still stubborn. "I don't have to lie to get a job in radio. Either he can give me a chance because he thinks I can act, or he can take his old job."

But although he used to rub many people—unfortunately, important people—the wrong way because of his hurts and resentment, he could charm the birds off the trees when he wanted to.

My mother didn't share my enthusiasm for Jimmy, nor was my mother to blame. Jimmy had the knack of putting his worst foot forward when he was in the mood.

Morose and moody

I think it was the rebel in him. My mother—she's Joan Davis—was a success; he wasn't. Inside, Jimmy felt a little antagonistic toward many of the people who had achieved success in a profession where he couldn't stick his foot in the door.

He'd walk into our living room and promptly slump down in my mother's favorite arm chair, his foot dangling over the side, and sit like that for hours without saying a word. The only action we'd see out of him was when he'd reach out for the fruit bowl and eat one piece of fruit after another until the bowl was empty. When my mother would walk in, Jimmy never stood up, never said *hello.* He just remained slouched in the chair, munching on the fruit and staring moodily into space.

At the dinner table, his behavior was usually the same. Jimmy was always hungry. He loved pot roast, so I tried to have it for him whenever he was over. He'd wolf down two helpings of the meat with that same morose expression on his face, and mother would squirm.

It was more than his manners that disturbed my mother. She was afraid we were becoming serious. By this time I was wearing Jimmy's gold football on a chain around my neck. We were going steady and my mother couldn't think of any boy who had a more uncertain future than Jimmy! She thought he was too wild and would never settle down.

"Mom was flabbergasted"

My high school senior prom was coming up and, of course, I was going to take Jimmy. He was working as an usher at the time, and although he was in debt, he managed to put aside a few dollars every week so that he could rent a tuxedo. He asked me to go with him to the place where you rent these things, and when he saw all the dinner suits on racks he acted like a little boy in a candy store. He tried on one after another, and finally settled on a white jacket, black pants, dress shirt and bow tie. The rental on the whole works amounted to five dollars, and I don't think I ever saw Jimmy look happier.

"Imagine me in one of these things," he crowed, posing in front of a long mirror.

Although we sat out most of the dances —Jimmy didn't rhumba or jitterbug—he was in wonderful spirits the night of the prom. Some of the kids at school joined us and he laughed a lot and told funny stories. My mother stopped by with some friends for a few minutes, and even she was fascinated by Jimmy's personality that night. He jumped out of his chair when she came to our table and even helped her off with her stole. "Good heavens, I've never seen him like this before," said mother, flabbergasted but charmed.

The only other times I saw Jimmy that happy was when he was racing his motorcycle furiously. No matter how depressed he was, if Jimmy had a chance to get behind something that had terrific speed, he would laugh and come alive again.

When Jimmy learned that I had a little boat with an outboard motor, he was eager to try it out. Jimmy drove it around the cove, the salt spray making his face and his glasses glisten. I thought he enjoyed it, but he was disappointed because he couldn't get my little boat with its ten horsepower motor to whip up any great amount of speed. After that little ride, which I thought would turn out to be such fun, Jimmy was in the dumps again.

We wanted to get married

I soon discovered that his moods of happiness were now far outweighed by his moods of deep despair. He was almost constantly in a blue funk. He still couldn't get an acting job and he was growing increasingly bitter. I hated to see Jimmy become so blue. When he was happy, there was no one more lovable. When he was depressed, he wanted to die.

These low moods became so violent that he began to tell me that he was having strange nightmares in which he dreamed he was dying. The nightmares began to give him a certain phobia about death.

"If only I could accomplish something before I die," he once said despairingly.

Like a lot of kids who go steady, we be-

an to talk about getting married. I was ot yet eighteen and we both knew my arents would never give their consent, so e planned to wait until my eighteenth irthday, which was a couple of months ff, and elope. I had saved some money rom my radio work, and we thought we ould go to New York where we hoped immy could get a break in the theatre.

But the dream didn't last long. A cou-le of months later, I had moved to Para-ise Cove, a beautiful spot way out at the each, where I was to spend six months ith my father—my parents are divorced. he first week Jimmy drove out the long istance he began to gripe. "It's such a ng drive, I'm running out of gasoline. Vhy can't you meet me in Hollywood?"

But I felt at home at the beach. I was ith a lot of happy kids whom I'd grown p with every summer, and we were hav-ng lots of fun. Somehow, in this happy-o-lucky atmosphere, surrounded by boys nd girls who didn't seem to have a care n the world, Jimmy stuck out like a sore humb. He wore the same blue jacket and ray pants, only they seemed even shab-ier next to the tailored slacks and sports hirts the other fellows wore. The whole rowd was very cliquey, and when Jim-my came by they looked at him as though e didn't belong.

eeper into the shell

Jimmy was very sensitive and it hurt im very much to be looked down on. He ensed their patronizing attitude and with-rew deeper and deeper into a shell. I hink he wanted to hurt them back, too. ve often wondered if he recalled this eriod in his life when he portrayed the ensitive feelings of the rejected youth in *Rebel Without A Cause.*

One afternoon, the fellows were playing ootball on the beach. Jimmy joined them. Jimmy used to be very intense about everything he did, particularly if he wanted to show off. The other fellows were playing casually, since they weren't wearing protective football gear, but Jimmy plunged into the game like a tiger. He was out for blood. He was very strong, anyway, and he tackled one of the fellows with such ferocity that the boy yelled out in pain and the rest of the fellows ran over to pull Jimmy off him. After that, the fellows labelled Jimmy a bum sport and wouldn't talk to him.

Jimmy was miserable. He felt like an outsider in his work; he felt like an outsider with this crowd. The resentment made him sink all the more into rebellious moods that even I couldn't understand.

At a dance at the Cove one night, Jimmy remained in this strange mood. When one of the boys cut in and tried to dance off with me, Jimmy saw red. He grabbed the fellow by the collar and threatened to blacken both his eyes. I should have realized that this was his way of paying back a member of the crowd who had hurt him. But I was embarrassed. I ran out to the beach, and Jimmy walked after me, scuffing angrily at the sand, complete misery on his face. We had an argument and I pulled his gold football off the chain.

An air of bravado

A few days later, Jimmy called and told me that a friend was driving to New York and would give him a free ride. I was glad he called. I had been thinking of Jimmy ever since we broke off, and I realized more and more that this was a hurt and misunderstood boy. I wanted to remain his friend. I wished him luck.

A few months later my mother took me on a trip to New York. I had Jimmy's address. He was staying at the Y and I called him up. We met in Central Park and my heart went out when I saw Jimmy walk up in the same blue jacket and gray slacks. That meant that he still hadn't gotten a job.

There was an air of bravado about Jimmy which soon crumpled when he told me that he hadn't been able to land a part in a show. He was depressed, and he was hungry, too. I insisted that I buy us both a spaghetti dinner and he took me up on it. I think it was the first square meal he had had since he left Hollywood to come to New York.

I told him I was engaged to be married, and he told me about a girl he had met in New York who was a lady bullfighter. I could see that he was fascinated by this colorful girl. He showed me a tiny matador sword which he wore in his lapel, and he had gone overboard on the subject of bullfighting.

Later, he walked me back to my hotel. Just before he left he said, "I'm trying out for a part in a play tomorrow. It's a good, gutsy part. If I get it, I think this will be the break I've been waiting for. Maybe even Hollywood will sit up and take notice. I'll show them. If I don't get it," he paused, fingered the little sword in his lapel, and the familiar little smile played over his lips, "well, then I'll go to Mexico and become a bullfighter."

I kissed him on the cheek and wished him well, and then watched him walk down the street. He kicked at some stones like a little boy scuffing down the street, and he stopped under a lamp-post to light a cigarette.

Then he squared his shoulders, turned the corner and was gone.

He never did go to Mexico. **END**

Jimmy Dean can currently be seen in George Stevens' production of Giant, *a Warner Bros. release.*



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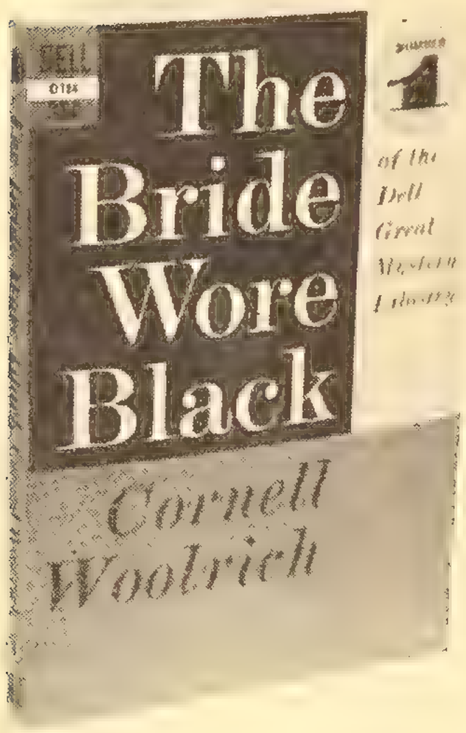
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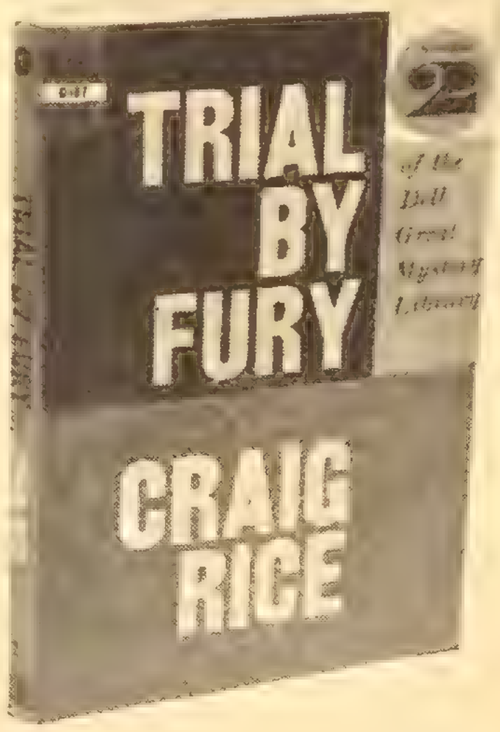
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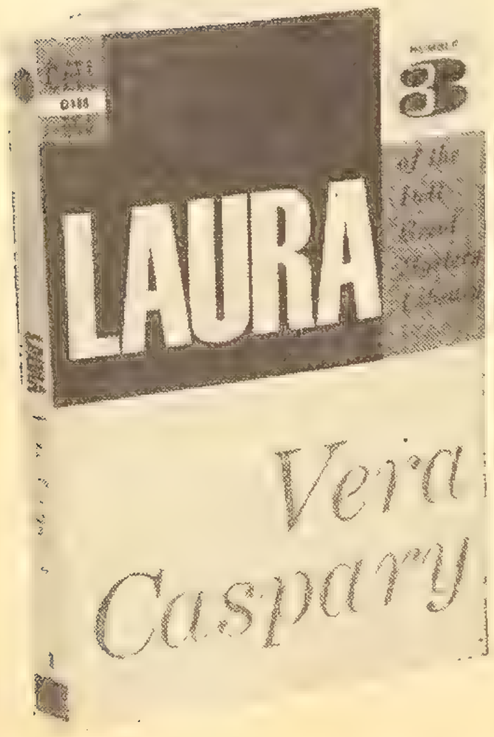
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for short girls only—ann blyth

(*Continued from page 50*) there at thirteen, fourteen and fifteen and it's as though *that* Ann Blyth was somebody I had played, not someone I was.

"Everyone on Broadway always looked out for me, took care of me. In effect, I did what many *little* girls do. I mentally felt little—still a child.

"And a little fear was gnawing at me. I didn't quite let it come to the surface of my mind but I kept wondering if I would be *big* enough to play anything truly dramatic. My career was going along all right, I finished my high school courses. Still I worried.

"I was wearing my hair in a very long bob at that time, and I adored every precious inch of it. I also doted on big hats and from my fourteenth birthday on I had worn the highest heeled shoes in which I could walk. Sometimes the heels were as much as five inches in height. But the fact remained that actually I was only five-one."

Ann began taking up athletics in earnest, without ever quite admitting to herself why. She learned to swim well. She began playing golf every chance she got.

"I grew a whole ¾ of an inch—not much I'll admit, but at my height every quarter of an inch counts," Ann says. "Also I had been fairly chubby and the athletics began to slim me down. So there I was approaching eighteen, and it was lovely to feel taller and thinner.

The studio takes over

"Then along came *Mildred Pierce,* another miracle for me. I played a little girl, of course, Joan Crawford's daughter—but this was no angel child. I was scared to death I couldn't play her, but I wanted to more than anything in my life until then. I was thinking in terms of acting, of course, but as it worked out, it also changed my whole appearance.

"The first thing they did to me at the studio was to cut off some of my bob. It was only about an inch at first, but oh, how I missed that mop of hair. Then they took off another inch and another, and thinned it out—and much as I'd loved that hair, I soon saw how much better I looked—how much taller, actually.

"I believe all this head attention is a mistake lots of short girls make. Maybe it's because we want to draw attention upward. I remember one hat I had when I was about sixteen with a tall feather on it. I thought that would make me look high as Dietrich. Now I'm pretty sure it made me look merely silly.

"A small girl can't stick to small things in dressing or making-up, or to little-girl colors like pink and blue. I've discovered this from the screen. I changed my make-up, which until then had been merely pretty. I began to make my eyebrows heavier, to give my face more character. I made my mouth up more fully. I believe all short girls should experiment and experiment until they find the make-up which does most to emphasize their inner personalities. Even a pocket-size Venus should look like a Venus—not like a toy doll."

Never look mousey

Another thing screen tests showed Ann is that, oddly enough, large jewelry, like big, dangling earrings, big rings and bracelets, look better on a small girl than dainty little ones.

"A small girl has to be careful she doesn't look mousey. The first time an all-red satin dress was designed for me to wear on screen, I was afraid of it. Then I tested it, and I've been buying red dresses for myself ever since.

"I've had more than my share of buying clothes impulsively and then discovering they couldn't be altered to fit me—and I advise all short girls to remember this. I don't like the fact that I have to pay as much for alterations as lots of well-dressed tall girls do for their entire wardrobe. However, the figure faults of a short girl are more pronounced than those of a tall one. So, do try on before you buy, and even then, don't buy unless you are absolutely sure that the dress or suit won't lose all its lines when it gets altered.

"That very great designer Adrian—who is married to five-foot-one Janet Gaynor—has made her one of the smartest women in the world. I've always been fascinated by the fact that while Janet has a short neck, like most short girls, Adrian gives her high-necked dresses that are often tied with bows around her throat—and on top of that he'll have her toss many strings of pearls. You'd expect it to look cluttered, but it doesn't. It just looks very, very chic. But one thing he does have Janet do is keep her hair cut close to her head, making her head-line small. That's a trick I've finally mastered.

"While every girl should always be perfectly groomed, I think this is an absolute must for the short girl. What we call glamour is actually a combination of discipline and intelligence. No girl stays slim, neat, unwrinkled in costume, well-clipped of hair, without this combination.

"Most of the time I set my own hair, so I've experimented with lots of hair styles and I've discovered this: *short girls need hair styles that look soft.*

Men don't mind!

"I'll confess that when I used to read about beauty contests and see the winners' pictures in the paper, always five-foot-six or seven or taller, I used to have a little pang. That was before I noticed that *men* don't mind a girl being short! In fact, it seems to make them feel very masterful, which is the way I think a girl likes a man to feel. I know I do.

"What's more, my husband Jim says that a girl's face is prettiest when it is upturned and that her eyes look their largest when they are gazing up into a man's eyes. This I love to hear, but a girl's got to be short before she can look *up* to a man!

"Being too short isn't a problem—unless you make it one. Or maybe what I am saying is that nothing in life is a problem once you learn how to face it."

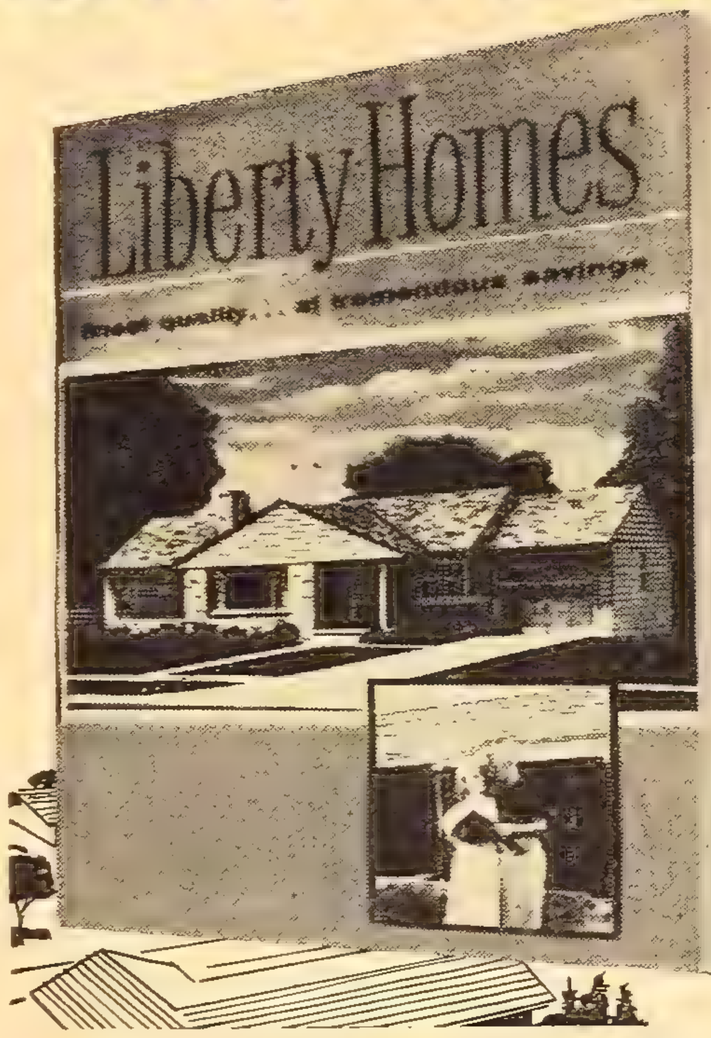
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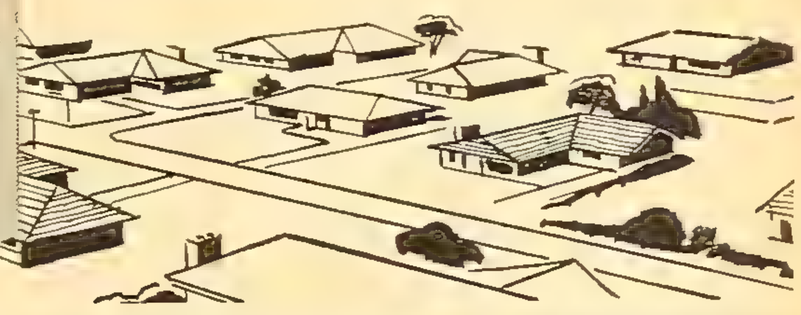


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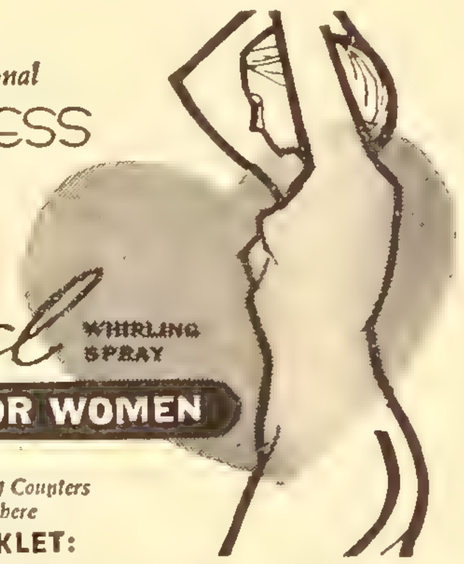
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one mike's sweet

(*Continued from page 43*) in at a Beverly Hills hotel. Then he went up to his room and sat silently while the bellboy opened windows, turned on lights and taps, indicated the closets. When he was through, Mike opened his wallet and stuffed money into the boy's hand. "No visitors," he said. Then he got up slowly and crossed to the telephone, dialed a familiar number. "Mrs. Wilding, please," he said formally.

A minute later she was on the other end. "Hello?"

"Hello, Elizabeth."

"Oh, Michael. Welcome back. Did you have a good trip?"

"Very good, thank you. And you?"

"And me—what?"

"Did you have a good trip?"

"Trip? Oh, back from location. Oh, yes, thank you. Fine."

There was a silence. Then Michael laughed. "At least it's cheaper this way. Those phone calls from Sweden were beginning to mount up."

"Michael, do you know, you're crazy? You must have called me every day for a month. I can't imagine what the bill—"

"I wanted to talk to you, Elizabeth."

She laughed nervously. "Well, we had such bad connections and all—"

"It's better now. When am I going to see you? I thought I might come out to the house. Sometime when it's convenient . . ."

Silence. "Well, soon, of course. Very soon. I—I just have to look up my appointments and see—"

Michael stared hard at the wall for a moment. Then he said, "Fine, honey. You do that and let me know." His voice was perfectly steady. "How are the kids?"

She sparkled. "Oh, just grand. It was so good to see them after being away. They're just darling. They're eating supper right now. Peas and lamb chops and mashed potatoes and cake—"

"It sounds good," he said lightly. "I'm pretty hungry myself."

The pause was not comfortable. "Oh, Michael, I—"

"Forget it," he said. "How's Dad?"

"Oh, marvelous. He's looking wonderful—he's getting tanner all the time. You should see him, he—" The voice came to a stop. "I'm sorry," she said. "Everything I say seems to make it harder, doesn't it?"

"It's all right," Michael said. "I expect neither of us is very good at civilized conversation yet. We'll improve."

"I suppose we will," she said. "Michael, I have to hang up. It isn't that I'm busy or anything. But I—I can't take too much of this. It's so awful."

"I know," he said softly. "Elizabeth, I wanted to tell you I—oh, not now. I'll tell you when I see you."

"I'll make it soon, Michael. Really I will. I'll call you. What hotel are you at?"

A SPECIAL MEANING for Dinah Shore



■ March and the *March of Dimes* has a special meaning for Dinah Shore and you won't find anyone working harder for this good cause. The reason? Though you'd never suspect it today, Dinah herself was a polio victim once, and as a result of the dread disease developed a king-sized inferiority complex that stayed with her many years. It happened this way . . .

When Dinah was stricken with polio her mother was so frightened that Dinah might become a cripple that she did not want her hurt. So she refused to even mention the illness and forbade Dinah to speak of it too. As a result, the child got the feeling that polio was something to hide and be ashamed of.

For years Dinah worked and worked to re-train the weak muscles to do her bidding and she never stopped until she could dance, fence, swim and play tennis.

But even though she reached her goal, she grew up feeling that polio was something to hide. By the time she reached high school, the only trace of the disease was the fact that one instep was higher than the other. But Dinah lived in fear that everyone must see and ask about it.

She still had the same feeling of inferiority when she first met George Montgomery. One day as he helped her put on her ice-skates, he observed in a matter-of-fact casual tone, "Looks like you broke your foot once."

Dinah pulled back her foot and tried to hide it. Yes, she agreed, she had broken it when she was little. The old feeling crowded in on her once more. But she was in love with George and ashamed of having lied to him. So taking her courage in her hands she said, "That wasn't the truth. I didn't break my foot. I had polio when I was a child—I didn't want you to know."

Something in her tone made him know her struggles and her ridiculous shame. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard of," he said, laughing a good natural laugh. It was kind, it was understanding and it swept away all the false foolish fears that had haunted her all her life. Soon she was joining in, laughing at herself too. It was the first time she had ever laughed at herself and her fear and it was the last time she needed to. For with George's acceptance of her, Dinah learned to accept herself and to thank her lucky stars that she had only a minor imperfection to show.

So when Dinah Shore plays a benefit for the *March of Dimes*, she puts her whole heart into her song. If you listen you can hear the heartbreak of her early years—the pain, the fear, the high hopes and the joy of being well.

He told her. "I'll hear from you then. Good-by, honey."

"Good-by, Michael."

Someone pleasant, that's all

He put down the phone and sat for a minute with his head in his hands. Then he started up again, and dialed his agent. Art? Mike. Yes, I got in an hour or so ago. Fine—fine. Yes, I spoke to her. Fine. Oh—I'll see her soon. I've got a few things to do first. Look, Art—I wanted to ask you—you still have that little red book of yours?" He laughed briefly. "Mine's a few years out of date, you know." He listened a moment. "No, no one special in mind. I just—thought I ought to be seen around a bit. Can't let Elizabeth get all the publicity, you know . . . No, no preferences. Someone pleasant, that's all . . . I mean, it's mostly for career purposes, after all. I'll probably be going home again in not too long. Yes, of course. But in the meantime—" Ten minutes later he hung up. He had half a dozen numbers on a scratch pad in front of him. He set his jaw grimly and began to dial. From his face you'd have thought he was performing a duty that had to be gotten through, no matter how painful. But his voice was light. He introduced himself, laughed, talked, said yes, Ingrid Bergman had taught him a bit of Swedish while he was there, obliged with a few words. He never had to put the phone down without success; when he was through he had a date for every night in the week. Two with Peggy Connolly who sounded nice and rather—sympathetic. He wondered briefly if she was really carrying the torch for Frank Sinatra or if that was just talk. Then there was Marie McDonald. And a girl named Gina Martin. And a couple of others. A full schedule, he thought, for a man who went—according to the papers—for pipe and slippers lightly.

Then he stood up. He walked to the window, pulled the curtain aside, and stared down at the busy Hollywood street. He turned and walked restlessly around the room. He looked at his watch. He thumbed through a magazine, then dropped it on a chair. He strode hatless out of the room and down to the street.

No marquees for Mike

An hour later, he was back. He had seen no one, talked to no one. He had had a drink and bought a paper. He had walked past the marquees of a dozen movies and had not gone in. Every one had friends of his in it—friends of his and Liz'. He didn't feel like watching them go through their paces. There were no marquees with his own name on them, of course. It had been a long time since that was a regular sight—*Michael Wilding in* . . . A long time since the papers called him the best light comedian in movies. According to his agent, it would be a long time before it happened again, even if he would work abroad now, go back to the light comedies that had made him famous. He couldn't drop out of sight for practically four years, his agent told him, without feeling it. Mike had insisted on joining Elizabeth in Hollywood, the agent continued, and refused to go back to England for the kind of movies that Mike did best. What could Mike expect to happen? Anything other than what *did* happen? When Mike attempted to interrupt, the agent's voice kept right on—sure he understood, Mike wanted to stay with Liz. Sure he knew Liz was sick . . . sciatica, neuritis, disc syndrome, bad legs, shoulders, arms, feet—and all the doctors said it was psychosomatic. Did Mike have to play nursemaid *every* time?



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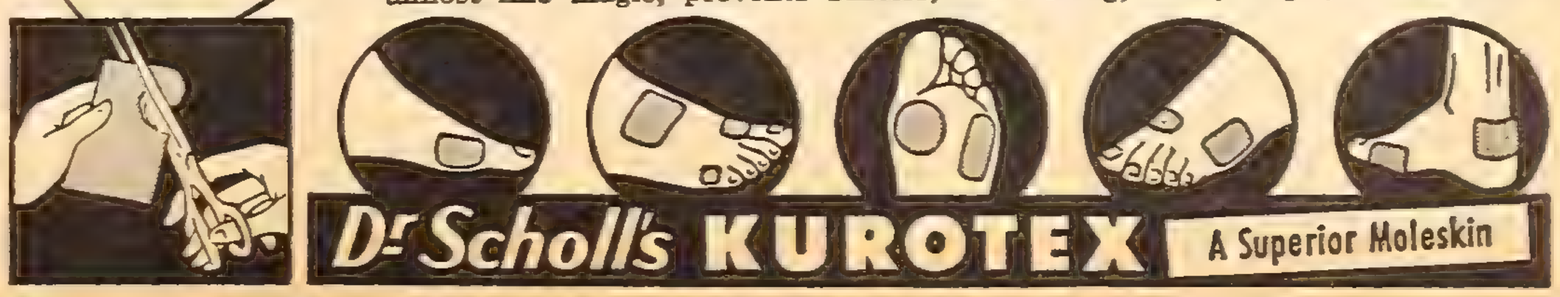
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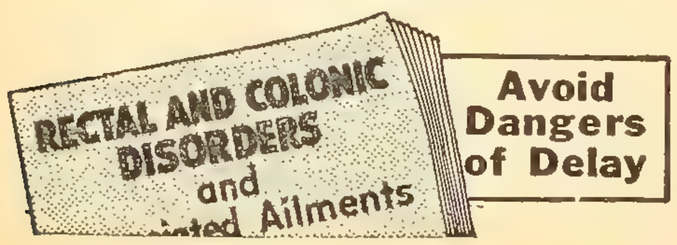
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"Yes," Mike had answered him—flatly.

Mike learns about Mike Todd

He lay down on the bed and opened the paper. He turned a page or two, and there she was, laughing and lovely, her pretty mouth smiling at the camera and her dark eyes shining up at the man beside her. Mike stared at the picture for a moment, then deliberately moved his eyes to the caption. *Lovely Elizabeth Taylor with her constant escort, Mike Todd. At the Mocambo last night, Miss Taylor admitted that she is "passionately in love."*

He crumpled the paper in his fist. His fingers flickered over the phone dial again.

"Let me speak to Mr. Wilding," he said.

"I'm sorry, sir," the maid answered, embarrassed. "Mr. Wilding doesn't—"

"Not that Mr. Wilding," Mike barked. "The elder Mr. Wilding."

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry." The phone tumbled down. Then a voice, the voice of an eighty-two-year-old man. "Yes?"

"Dad, it's Michael."

"Oh, Michael. Michael, I'm so glad you called. I was going to get your address from Elizabeth, but she's gone out and I—"

"It's all right, Dad. How have you been?"

They talked for ten minutes. Heartbreak was in every tone of his father's voice. He adored Elizabeth, he had been happy in their home, then utterly stricken at the sight of the marriage dissolving before his eyes. But he told Michael about the boys, about his tan, about his health, about being glad he was home again. Then, run down he stopped and Michael filled the void.

"It's important to Liz"

"Look, Dad, I wanted to ask you something. I read—I don't know if you'd know, of course—and probably I shouldn't drag you into this at all—but I don't know where else to go. Do you know—is this thing with Mike Todd anything to Elizabeth?" He held his breath.

And from the other end came the tired old voice. "I—don't know, son. She sees a lot of him. She looks—I don't know how to put it—happy. I couldn't say for sure; she hasn't told me. But if you just want my opinion, I must be honest. I would say, yes, it is very important to Elizabeth."

Michael let his breath out slowly. "All right. Thank you. I'll call you tomorrow, Dad. I'll make—arrangements for everything. Don't worry. And thanks."

Then he clicked down the receiver and picked it up for the last time, dialed again. "Jean? . . . Michael. I was thinking about that invitation you and Stewart gave me before I left. If it still holds—I'd like to come."

Ten minutes later he put down the phone. Now he'd get a taxi and take his suitcases over to the Grangers. He'd move into the guest room and stay. In a few days he'd start looking for a house—a place he could bring his father. A place his sons could come—for week-end visits. A place to be lonely in. Till then he'd stay at the Grangers', and they'd cheer him up and be good to him. They were good friends. He was lucky to have good friends.

He gasped suddenly and put his head in his hands. If you didn't know it was Mike Wilding, a strong man, a wordly man, a man with little patience for those who indulged in self-pity, you might have thought the man by the telephone was crying.

END

Mike Wilding can currently be seen in Columbia's Zarak *and will soon be seen in RKO's* Long Live The King.

Elizabeth Taylor can currently be seen in George Stevens' production of Giant, *a Warner Bros. release. Watch for her in MGM's* Raintree County.

'NO DOGS ALLOWED?' LISA DOESN'T CARE!

■ During her career as a Hollywood actress, glamorous Lisa Ferraday has appeared opposite a host of screen idols—Burt Lancaster, George Sanders, Jon Hall and Fred Astaire among them. But it was her leading man from a recent venture who won her heart. Only this one wasn't a dear, he was a lamb.

It all began when the charming actress toured the country after her selection as *America's Most Wool-o-genic Girl* by WOOLITE, a soap for washing wool. Her constant companion was a snow-white baby lamb—named Wooly Woolite—who delighted, and even more frequently disrupted, fans throughout the country.

Although Lisa was scarcely overjoyed when the lamb began nibbling on her $500 all-wool evening gown at a dinner party in Philadelphia, and though his taste for bolts of priceless wool fabrics at the ROCHESTER MUSEUM nearly brought her into court, the sultry actress nevertheless became the lamb's most captivated audience.

When the tour was over, Lisa made up her mind that she wouldn't give up her fleecy friend. Up sixteen stories went the lamb, who now lives happily ever after in the converted laundry room of her New York apartment.

Although *we* don't recommend it. Lisa claims that *her* lamb is daintier than most dogs she knows. Should any of you get a yen for a lamb, Lisa strongly advises frequent trimmings of the coiffeur, daily brushing with a stiff-bristle brush, and *frequent* baths!

The Hungarian-born siren merely flutters her long eyelashes when people show surprise at her pet. "After all, Tallulah Bankhead walked her lion cub on the end of a leash, so why can't I have a lamb?" Lisa asks.



what a french girl taught tab

(*Continued from page 40*) friends would say, 'Poor Pierre! He is married to a statue.'

"Now that brings up a point," said Tab, "which I think a lot of American women forget. The qualities that attract a man are *not* the ones that hold him. Before marriage, for instance, most American men are impressed by a girl's measurements in those three important places. But I think American girls are becoming more and more conscious of the fact that *to hold a man* they must bring *new qualities* to the surface once a guy has shown interest in her. She's beginning to realize that she can't rely entirely on her looks. To be the woman a man can love she's got to show simplicity, frankness and a lot of—I'm not sure I know how to put this—but I mean a special kind of intimate gaiety."

What the French women have

When Tab was asked what he thought was the one most important thing his knowing Etchika had taught him about French girls, he had the answer.

"A wonderful philosophy that American men would love to see in American women," Tab replied. "It is this: The French girls make it a rule that always, in the presence of a man, her personality says, not in words, but in spirit, *'I will never let you forget that I am a woman and you are a man. And I love men.'* I think too many American girls show only a part of that spirit."

"Yes," Etchika commented, "that is another thing I notice. *American men seem to be a little afraid of their American girls.* Last night when we are at the night club I saw a woman do something that a French woman would never do.

"She embarrassed her escort by talking very loudly and attracting much attention. Her date had a very red face, but he tried to laugh it off. In France the man would have left with the girl immediately and taken her home. And he would not have dated her again, to be sure."

"Speaking of last night reminds me," Tab said. "Etchika and I were sitting at a table in the CRESCENDO ROOM. We went to see Frances Faye. Somehow, when we sat down—because there were three other couples with us—Etchika and I got separated. She was way across the table. After Frances Faye sang I thought I'd like to get some air and show Etchika the terrific view of Los Angeles you get from the patio of the club. And as I thought about it I looked into Etchika's eyes. She smiled, nodded her head and said something to one of the girls at our table who spoke French and English. Then the girl turned to me and said, 'Well, Tab, Etchika says you're going out on the patio for a little while. Watch out for the crazy moon!' I was so surprised I almost forgot to stand up. *Somehow Etchika could read my mind.*"

An embarrassed Tab

"And sometimes, Monsieur Hunter," Etchika said, with a twinkle of mischief in her all-knowing eyes, "it ees not so good that I know what you are theenking."

Tab laughed and got a little red around his cheeks and Adam's apple.

"Later I mentioned Etchika's mind reading act to her and she was surprised that I was surprised. She said it was very natural among French girls to have little rapports with men they date.

"Also I was amazed at how well she danced to American music."

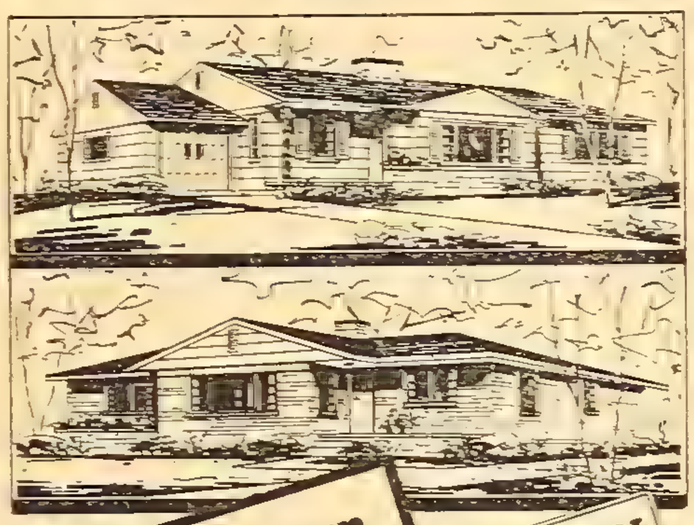
Etchika brightened at the word *dance.*

"Tab, you *make* me dance very well. What else could I do? You were holding

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me very tight, but it was a nice tight."

Tab grinned at her. "Etchika, ma cheree, it was *just* a very firm squeeze!"

"Yes," replied Etchika laughing, "but until this morning I am still trying to recover my breath."

And in Etchika's gay smile it was easy to see why WARNER BROS. had the young actress fly 5,000 miles from France to star in a picture.

There was little doubt about it. Etchika *was different.* For instance, when asked what the first thing was that she noticed about American men, Etchika broke into a big, wide smile. "They are all so big, so strong and so handsome. I can see why American girls want to be beautiful for them. And I think they are worth it."

. . . The men on the staff of MODERN SCREEN *wish to add the following P.S. Though Tab may have learned something about love from Etchika, the American girls we know have taught us a thing or two, also . . .* **END**

Tab and Etchika will soon be in the Warner Bros. film Lafayette Escadrille.

don't let 'em make you skinny

(*Continued from page 39*) against the entire procedure. I long for each precious pound to stay exactly where it is. You look *good* curvy, and what's bad about looking good? How come everybody's trying to look so skinny anyway? Audrey Hepburn's cute all right, but she's not going to put Anita Ekberg out of business!

Personally, I blame women for all the trouble. Women are always studying *Harper's Bazaar,* and stuff like that. Women are always looking at pictures of models seven feet tall and weighing 100 pounds, and then starving themselves because they—the women, not the models—look like women and not king-sized mechanical pencils. The models of this country have given the women of this country a complex.

Listen, Kim, men like *women.* And they like 'em a little fleshier than lollipop sticks. A photographer told me that you're shy about posing for pin-ups because you're a trifle round, and my heart sinks under the weight of the news. No leg art on our favorite legs?

The nation protests

You cannot deprive the country of your luscious self, Kim. The country protests. MODERN SCREEN protests. And MODERN SCREEN is always right. We remember thinking you were going to be a movie star long before *you* believed it. You thought of yourself as a girl who could tour the country smiling sweetly and demonstrating iceboxes, "but I could see," you said, "where a lot of time might go by before any movie studio would want a girl to open an icebox."

You were wrong. The studios *did* want a girl who could open an icebox, but now they don't want you to eat anything out of it.

At least the men in your life are on my side. Take Mac Krim, your long-time beau who still adores you though he's given up thoughts of marriage— "Now she's a dedicated actress, and I can't see myself marrying a career." Mac likes Kim-in-the-kitchen much more than Kim-in-a-night-club. When you're in a kitchen, Mac told one writer, you're in it up to your apron. He also told of an incident when food got you both in trouble. You'd taken hamburgers and cokes to a sneak preview of *Phfft,* sneaked up to the balcony, and were eating away until an usher came along and wrinkled his nose. "You'll

have to leave the theater or get rid of that food," he sneered. You stuffed your hamburger into your pocketbook, Mac recalls, grinning, and never told that usher you were one of the stars of the movie.

Frank, the Count and Aly

Frank Sinatra doesn't seem to be concerned over your poundage, either, Kim, and your relationship with him started way back when you both made *Man With The Golden Arm*. Frankie was the first man you'd given a second thought since you met Mac. "I'm in love with Mac," you're supposed to have said then, "but I'm infatuated with Frankie." Love Frankie, love good Italian cooking, the saying goes. Or if it doesn't, it should.

As for Count Mario Bandini, who introduced you to the best Roman restaurants on your recent trip to Europe, and therefore probably added breadth to the Novak hips, you suit him right down to the ground. Or right up to the clouds, since he's planning to fly here as soon as some wings can carry him. After you first met Count Mario, you announced that he was "divine," and for a couple of days even considered yourself engaged to him. Being a zestful girl, you latched on to *when in Rome*, and did exactly as the Romans did. When a stranger kissed your hand, you seized his hand and kissed it right back, and naturally you weren't going to be left behind in the eating department. There were heavenly dinners in heavenly settings, and even the picnic lunches were superb. Remember the day when you went on a little trip in a gondola? And the hotel put up a hamper of thick Italian sandwiches, slabs of bread stuffed with ham and sausages and pickled peppers.

As you can see, Kim, I'm trying to point out that we're all on your team. We want you, *all* of you, to dazzle us forever. But there is one tiny little thing that's got us nervous. Just the slightest sign that maybe your eating *was* getting a trifle out of hand, that perhaps COLUMBIA did have to crack down. We read it in a rival magazine. It said that while you danced with Aly Khan, in Paris, you were *nibbling on his ear*! This could be dangerous. Next you'll bite the hand that feeds you, and then who knows? Still, I love you, do you hear me, love you—

Your friend,
David.

Kim Novak will soon be seen in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels.

ROSSANO BRAZZI: man on the move!



Lovely Joan Crawford and harried Rossano Brazzi relax for just a moment on the set.

■ It all started when Mr. and Mrs. Rossano Brazzi went to London where Rossano was to co-star with Joan Crawford in COLUMBIA's *The Story Of Esther Costello.* Rossano decided that they would stay at a central hotel where his wife would have no domestic worries and could see the sights while he was busy at the studio.

But after a week or so of hotel life the domestic Mrs. Brazzi stated she missed her kitchen, and that they absolutely must have a place of their own! Rossano found that searching for an apartment in London could be a full time job.

After two weeks of pulling strings, they found a comfortable three room flat.

The night they moved in, a cable arrived from one of Rossano's relations in Rome—there are dozens of the Brazzi family back in Italy—to say that a handful of aunts and cousins would be arriving in London the following week end for a vacation, and could they be put up?

After more frantic phone calls and some bribery, Rossano managed to find a furnished house in which to receive his guests. Then he relaxed with visions of a long holiday in their lovely house as soon as *Esther Costello* was completed.

It was about this time that Henry Hathaway, the well known director, flew into London for one day and left a script with Rossano. The exhausted Mr. Brazzi, with that long vacation on his mind, said he couldn't possibly cram any more movies into his schedule. Then he read the script of *Legend Of The Lost.*

So the handsome Italian lover had little opportunity of enjoying London and his hard-found house while making *Esther Costello*: all his scenes were rushed through so that he could squeeze *Legend Of The Lost* into his schedule!

Watch for Rossano in U.A.'s Legend Of The Lost *and U-I's* Interlude.

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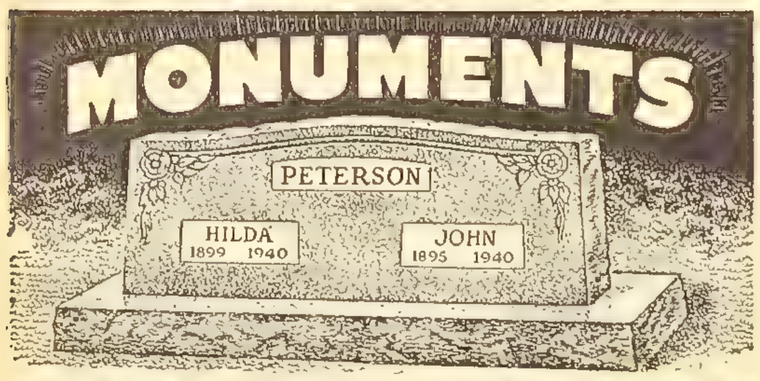
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DEBBIE and EDDIE and their BUNDLE OF JOY



■ Although every major studio had approached Eddie and Debbie Reynolds on doing a picture together following their marriage, it wasn't until they read the script of *Bundle Of Joy* that they agreed this was it. And then their troubles started.

First Eddie was hospitalized for an intestinal disorder. Then a doctor on the set discovered that Debbie had a temperature of 104. Her trouble was diagnosed as sheer exhaustion and she was ordered to bed. The studio party given to celebrate the end of shooting on *Bundle Of Joy* fell on Eddie's twenty-eighth birthday. Cast and crew combined to buy the Fishers a beautiful perambulator. See it on top of the cake? Eddie and Debbie's first wedding anniversary also occurred while the film was in progress. He gave her a beautiful diamond pendant, cut in the shape of a heart. She gave him an oversized black leather club chair with matching ottoman for his den, something that he had always wanted. Of course it wasn't long after that their own bundle of joy, Carrie Frances, arrived to make the Fishers a family of three.

Debbie and Eddie can now be seen in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Watch for Debbie in MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante *and U-I's* Tammy.

for tall girls only—esther williams

(*Continued from page 51*) to the eye doctor's with Mom propelling me. Next day at school string-bean Esther Williams, who felt like the tallest thing off the Eiffel Tower, became *Four-Eyes Williams* besides. That was really the end. Day after day, when I'd leave school, I'd cry all the way home."

Esther was lucky: she not only had a wise mother who was a practicing child psychologist, but was also the kind of a girl who was willing to listen, and profit, from advice. Together she and her mother discussed what could be done with a girl who was too tall and wore glasses, and who distinctly wanted the boys to make passes—polite passes, of course.

Said Mrs. Williams, "What is the worst thing that being too tall means to you?"

"It means I won't be able to get a date for the prom," wailed her daughter. "It means I'll probably never get to any proms, at all, ever!"

Her mother said, "You'd get to the prom if you were on the prom committee. You'd probably have to work all evening, and it probably would mean you wouldn't have a beau. But it would give you a chance to have fun."

"How would I get on the prom committee in the first place?"

Mother and daughter considered that gravely. "Well," said her mother, "first you'll have to stand out in your class."

"Stand out? That's all I do now!"

Advice from Mother

"No," said her mother, "you don't stand out in a way that makes people want to know you, be near you. You're so concerned with yourself and your problems that right now you aren't out-going at all. You're not attractive to others. Let's face all this.

"You certainly don't wear your clothes well. You never have, because up until now they have bored you so much that you don't always hang them up at night. I think the first thing you must do is to become absolutely neat, no hair out of place, no wrinkles in your skirts or sweaters, no droopy socks. In other words, instead of looking like a scare-crow you must look appealing. And then you must learn to smile at everyone."

"But how can I smile at everyone? I can't even *recognize* people if they're more than two feet away!"

"All the more reason for smiling, then," said her mother. "When you smile and call *Hi* you don't need to recognize people. Anyway, what can you lose by trying it?"

This sounded swell to Esther. Anything sounded better to her than her present misery.

"I called it *My Plan,*" said Esther, smiling as she remembered. "I *did* start smiling at everyone—and soon I could feel a change coming over me. Because, of course, at first the smiles were artificial, being given out by me, for my own benefit, and not for the sake of the other person. But they responded so quickly, those other fellows and girls, that I soon found my smiles were genuine.

Then—a new Esther

"Then I decided I'd learn to remember all the names—so I took a memory course and found that does work. Then I decided I'd learn to speak really well, so I took a course in diction and public speaking—and it was a tremendous help, even for such unimportant things as telling a joke, let alone in class recitals and such.

"And I *did* get on the prom committee. I worked like a dog but I didn't care. I became a member of the self-government council of the school. I turned my sights—my near-sighted sights—on the TRY-Y Club, which was the top club in school, and I made it. I entered swimming competitions—and found I was beginning to win at that.

"Then next thing I knew I was so busy with all of this that I didn't have time to think about myself, my height, my eyes, or anything. I did think about my clothes. My hair, because of swimming, always seemed to be wet. So I learned ways to wear it wet that were becoming and neat. I couldn't afford lots of clothes. Mostly my things were hand-me-downs from my sisters, but they were basic styles

and good lines because when they had been bought we all knew they had to last for years, and not become out-dated. I didn't know enough about fashion then to know that this simplicity was really the basis of all chic—but I made sure everything I did wear was spotless and wrinkle-free.

"I learned how to put on lipstick so that it would stay on. I didn't have the time for powder on my nose, so I went in for suntans. And I kept to my training food—plain meats, salads, no sweets—so I stayed slim and healthy.

Sought out by the boys

In other words, Esther became a school celebrity, and sure enough the boys sought her out—all types and kinds of boys.

"One thing that bothers a lot of kids in their teens," Esther said, "is that when they have a date they don't know what to talk about. And lots of them go in for necking because then they don't have to worry about finding a subject for discussion. I knew all about necking—in words, at least. My mother and my older brothers and sisters had seen to that. But I discovered when I went out on dates that I had so many things to talk about—committees, athletics, drives and what-not—that I never had to bother thinking about whether I'd go in for serious necking or not!"

By this time, at sixteen, Esther's figure was beginning to fill out into the unusual and beautiful proportions it has today. She needed then, and still does, a dress that is size sixteen across the shoulders, size twelve in the waist, and size ten in the hips. She gets them that way, today, since she has them all custom-made. But in high school she couldn't afford that, so she stuck to sweaters and skirts, or skirts and plain blouses, which at least she could adjust to fit her.

"I still had no sense of how to wear clothes, how to carry myself to make them appear their best, or how to do my hair with any style," Esther says.

A smiling model

It was when she applied to the fashionable I. MAGNIN's of Los Angeles for a spot as a model that Esther got herself in line for this next most important branch of knowledge, as far as acquiring glamour goes. At MAGNIN's she learned how to walk and stand, how to carry her head—and again, how to smile.

Models, as you undoubtedly know, do not smile. The smarter the model, the more cooly frosty she usually is.

"I just couldn't do that," Esther says. "I was so in the habit of smiling by then, and I was so hysterical with joy over the way I looked in those magnificent clothes, that I just had to express it. At first the store was all against such behavior, but just at that time they held a very special fashion show. They put me in a white dress that was embroidered all over with strawberries, and to emphasize the charm of it, they gave me a big basket of a hat, which I carried on my arm, filled with real strawberries.

"I was supposed to walk about haughtily, but there at the ringside I saw Mr. Joseph, the manager of the store, and a lot of other good-looking men. It was such a beautiful day, the dress I wore was so gorgeous, and I felt so proud that I was just bubbling over with joy. On impulse, as I passed Mr. Joseph, I popped one of the berries into his mouth. The man next to him grinned and opened his mouth and I fed him a strawberry too. Soon everybody was clamoring for a strawberry.

"Next morning, Mr. Joseph sent for me, and I shook all over. I was sure he was going to fire me. Instead, he offered me a much better job with the organization. However, the *Aquacade* came along right then—and that was that."

A goddess for the movies

Esther went into the *Aquacade,* became its over-night star. That led her to MGM and you know the rest—except two small footnotes. In the *Aquacade* she had to wear the swim suits Eleanor Holm had been wearing before her. They were all right for Esther in the water, but out of it she had to put ruffles on them. If she was to have any modesty at all. Too tall, you see. Then when Louis B. Mayer of MGM sent for her, his jaw dropped.

"All right, say it," said Esther, smiling. "I'm too tall."

Mayer turned to a man standing beside him, whose name just happened to be Clark Gable. "I'd say this girl is exactly the right height to be a movie queen, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"A goddess," said Mr. Gable, giving the goddess that Gable look.

Recalling it, Esther laughs now. "That was the end of *Eiffel Tower-Four Eyes Williams,*" she says, "and it proves that what many a girl regards as her worst handicap can really set her up for life!" **END**



AVA: in trouble again

■ Poor Ava Gardner! In trouble again—this time with church authorities in Rome. And all because of this high-collared dress which so much resembles the traditional cassock of the Catholic priest. (We touched upon this subject in the Ava Gardner story in last month's issue of MODERN SCREEN.) Ava's dresses are usually designed by the Fontana Sisters in Rome. A few weeks ago the designers came up with this outfit and talked Ava into wearing it.

Many designers give stars dresses for nothing or at large discounts in return for publicity.

Ava began strolling around Rome in this outfit, and the Italians were shocked. They felt it showed no taste on Ava's part. A few 'phone calls to the Fontana Sisters and the outfit was withdrawn. The picture of Ava in a priest's cassock still lingers in the Roman memory, however.

Poor Ava! Such a compulsion to get in trouble.

Watch for Ava in the MGM film The Little Hut.

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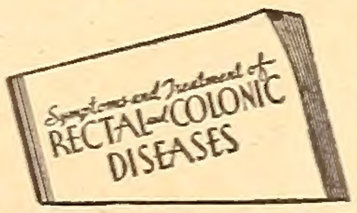
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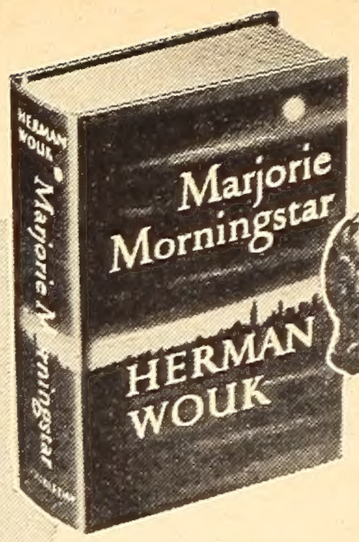
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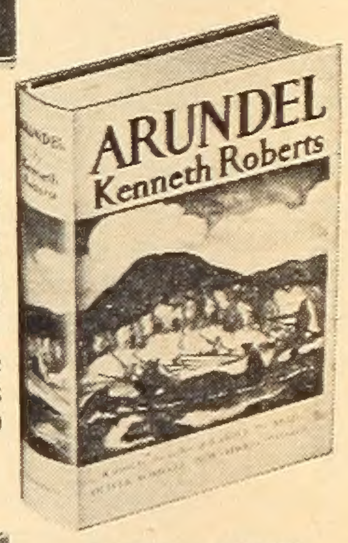


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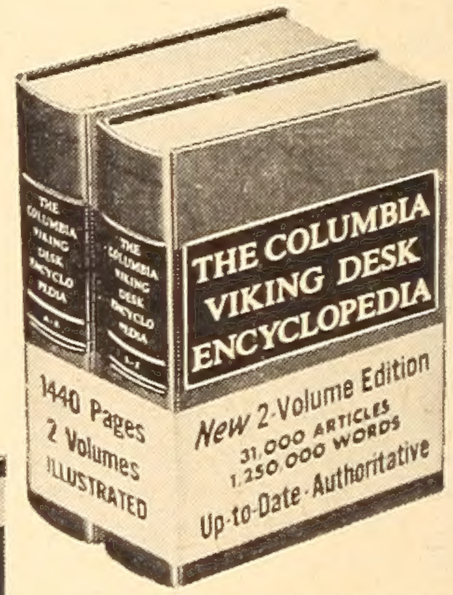


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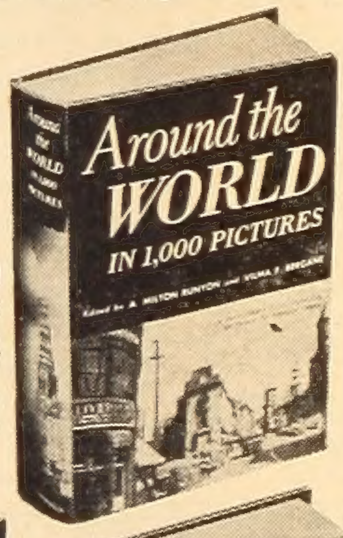
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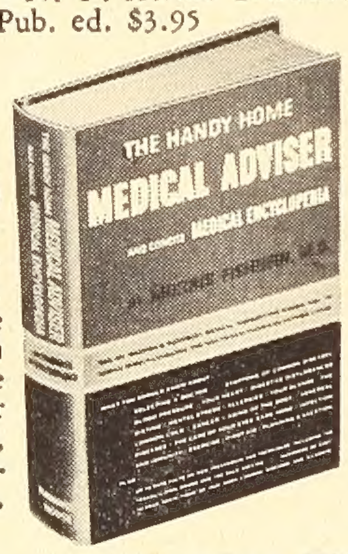
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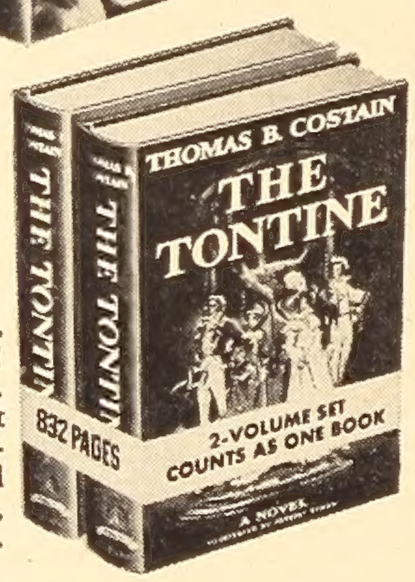
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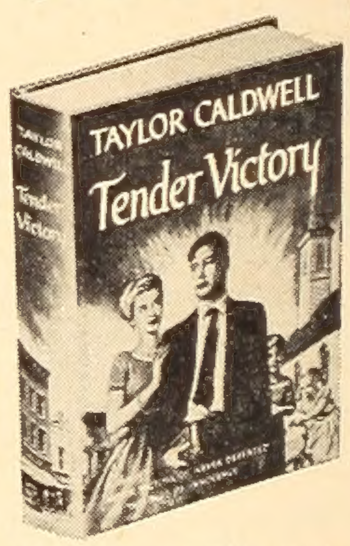
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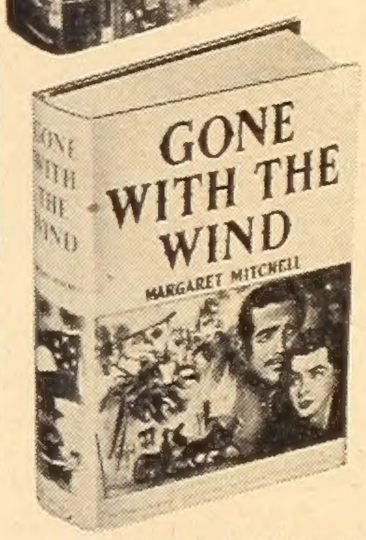
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